FIRST RATE.

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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HOW I CURED MY CATARRH,

HAY FEVER, AND NOSE-BREATHING DIFFICULTY.

"A Common-sense Cure," too, for Adenoids, Polypi, Catarrhal Deafness, Head Noises, Throat and Voice Troubles.

NO MORE OPERATIONS—CAUTERISING OR CUTTING—SPRAYS OR SNUFFS.

Cures During Sleep.

I have discovered a common-sense cure for Catarrh, Hay Fever, Adenoids, Polypi, Throat, Voice and Ear troubles, and Nose-Breathing Difficulties, and will gladly send illustrated book telling how I—with the aid of my doctor (also a sufferer from Catarrh)—discovered the cure. In the book I explain how, if you suffer from Catarrh, etc., your nasal passages become "blocked," as shown in the accompanying illustrations. My cure *frees the nasal air-passages.*

I tell you in my booklet a way of curing your trouble, even *while you sleep.* Every breath you draw becomes a powerfully curative inspiration, and you quickly feel and look better, while your voice becomes clearer and stronger, and your hearing better.

The above illustrations of how Catarrh, Adenoids, and Polypi, etc., affect the nose are explained in my book, which I send free of charge.

People used to think that squirting liquids or sniffing powders up the nose, or sucking tablets in the mouth, were the ways to cure Catarrh, Hay Fever, Adenoids, Polypi, Throat and Voice, and Nose-Breathing Troubles. (See the second illustration in my book for anatomical reason why this form of cure cannot cure.)

The idea of using Air-Channels as Water Canals ought to have struck any intelligent being as an illegitimate physiological operation.

Look at the honeycomb-like air-cavities that are situated behind the nose of every human being (see illustrations in the book).

Read how Catarrh and Nose-Breathing trouble slowly destroys the senses of smell, taste, and hearing, creates bad taste in mouth and makes breath offensive; also read in book full illustrated details of certain cure for catarrh, hay fever, adenoids, polypi, and nose-breathing difficulties.

Why, think you, did Nature take all this trouble to evolve so puzzling a place if not *to keep out everything but AIR itself?*

And you, surely you see the un-Natural mistake of attempting (happily you cannot do it, even if you stand on your head to try to accomplish it) to force liquid, watery, or oily sprays, or dry atomised powders up into this splendid suite of air chambers?

I would like to tell you all about it in detail, and with the help of well-printed maps of the geography of the parts. I would gladly do so, too, if I knew your address. If you send me your name and address I shall have the greatest pleasure—and satisfaction—in sending you a copy of my book.

The subject is far too big to handle here.

CONTENTS OF FREE BOOK:

How the Cure was Discovered.
Why Snuffs and Sprays can Do No Good.
The Most Neglected Part of the Body.
Special Advice and Warning.
Illustration of an Operation for Removal of Post Nasal Growths.
A Most Remarkable Test (illus.).
What is Catarrh?
Illustrations of Examples of Nasal Obstruction and Inefficiency.
What Catarrh Leads To.
The Physiological Process of Cure.
Illustrations of Why Sprays Cannot Cure Catarrh.
How to Cure Catarrh and Nose-Breathing Difficulties.
The Nose and Catarrh.
The Ears and Catarrh.
The Throat and Catarrh.
The Mouth and Catarrh.
The Lungs and Catarrh.
How to Cure Snoring.
Colds in the Head and Eyes.
Voice Troubles.

My free book, however, goes very fully and illustratively into the "whys" and "wherefores" of Catarrh, Hay Fever, Adenoids, Polypi, and Nose-Breathing Troubles, etc.

I go further—I go in full detail into the "Ways" and "Means" of cure without burning, or cutting, or clipping, or spraying, or sniffing.

I am sure you will find my book worth reading. I have been told in person and correspondence that my method of cure (and it does CURE, mind you) is "a common-sense cure."

An old gentleman of 74, operated upon 11 times for nasal obstructions, writes me that my cure has done him more good than all the operations, and all the medicines, he has ever tried.

I tell you in my book how to cure:

Nasty Dropping in the Throat,
Head Stuffiness,
Nose Stuffiness,
Throat Dryness,
Spitting of Thick Phlegm,
Discharge from Nose,
Catarrhal Deafness.

An edition of 25,000 copies of the book has been published for *free distribution*, and all who wish to quickly cure catarrh, adenoids, or other nose-breathing trouble, catarrhal deafness or head noises, or asthmatic or consumptive tendencies arising from chest or lung weakness, should send (or call) for a copy. A penny stamp should be sent to defray postage. The address from which the free copies of the book may be obtained is—The Publishers, "Respiratory Re-Education," 80, Rhycol Buildings, 130, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

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WHEN
PHATOLENE TABLETS

Will Cure You Absolutely.

Read what the people say:-

Mr. SEWELL, Buxton. I have sufficiently benefited by your tablets and I return your last box. I only wanted to reduce myself 7lbs., which your sample has done for me.

Mr. MORGAN, Treherbert, Pontypridd. Received your 6d. sample of Phatolene Tablets and am so pleased I should like to try the 4/- box.

Mrs. BUCKLEY, Uppermill, near Oldham. I feel so much better; I will continue with your tablets. Please send the 10/- supply.

Mrs. FIRMAN, Holme Cottage, near Thetford. Please send me another 4/- box of tablets. They have a wonderful result with me.

The Rev. Mr. DANIELS. Please send me a 4/- box of tablets. I am taking the sample Mrs. D. wrote for, and it is doing me good.

Mrs. MARCHANT, Harrow. Kindly send me another box of tablets. They are the only ones which have had any effect, which is wonderful in so short a time.

Month later. They are doing wonders in my case.

Mr. GARRETT, Swanage. Please send me 4/- box, I am feeling better already, and I am sure this quantity will quite cure me. I shall not want the 10/- supply.

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CASH FOR READERS

A Word in Your Ear by the Editor of Brett's Publications.

Being desirous of getting in closer touch with my readers, wishing to know them better and to solicit their help in increasing the circulation of my papers, MY POCKET NOVELS, KEEPSAKE NOVELS, and SOMETHING TO READ, I ask you all to send me your photographs. Each week, I shall publish a number of these photos in my three papers, and give a cash present of

5s.

to the owner of each photo published. But I make one condition. I shall send you twelve copies of the periodicals containing your photo, and these you must distribute among your friends, recommending them to read my three books every week, and to send up their own photos for a cash prize. By this means you will be able to give a photo of yourself to your friends without cost, and to put them in the way of earning some money with but little trouble.

HOW TO CLAIM YOUR CASH.

As soon as your photo appears in MY POCKET NOVELS, KEEPSAKE NOVELS and SOMETHING TO READ, you must cut it out of each paper (as a proof that you are a regular reader of the three books) and post the three copies of the reproduced photo as directed below, claiming the cash present and the return of the photo you sent, and agreeing to distribute among your friends the copies of my three papers that I shall send you. A postal order for 5s. will be forwarded to you by return, together with the books for distribution, and the photo you sent to me to publish. All letters must be addressed: Photo, E. J. Brett, Ltd., 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

SEND YOUR PHOTO TO-DAY.

Names of Winners appear weekly in each publication.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 44. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 4TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

TRAINING FOR FOOTBALL.

HOW TO START THE SEASON WELL.

If a man is going to do any good throughout the season, he must get himself into condition at the outset.

One of the best exercises he can adopt is skipping, which not only develops the muscles, but also makes them pliable and slackens out the joints, making a man quick on his feet.

It is also capital for the wind.

He must also have speed, and that is best acquired by sprinting. Professional footballers always have sprinting as part of their routine work, and many amateurs make a point of joining some running club so that they can train with those who make sprinting their hobby.

Short bursts of anything from twenty to a hundred yards should be constantly practised. I do not mean by this that you should start from your mark and sprint till your powers give out; that breeds a bad habit of giving in under difficulties. Fix on some point before you start which shall be, so to speak, your tape, and sprint to that.

For producing stamina, there is nothing to beat long-distance walking and running. A six-mile walk each evening for a week will do wonders, while a jog trot of two or three miles will also give splendid results.

It is most important that all sprinting, running, and walking should be done either in football boots, or in footgear every bit as heavy. If you sprint in ordinary spiked shoes, you will feel very much hampered when you have to sprint in football boots.

Beer and tobacco must, of course, be knocked off, or at least reduced almost to vanishing point, by the man who is going to do his best at football. He must also secure plenty of sleep, for without that his muscles will be clogged with waste matter, and he will lack the dash which is so necessary for distinction on the football field.

He must keep very regular hours for sleeping and eating, and he must be careful in the selection of his food. In the matter of diet, each man should be his own philosopher, carefully avoiding those things which do not agree with him, or which make him feel heavy after a meal.

The matters I have dealt with, although they are most important, are but preliminaries. Much more important is skill in the game itself, and that is to be had only by constant practice.

Often it is advisable to join a second club for the sake of additional practice, provided, of course, you have the time.

One great fault amongst amateur footballers is hesitation, a man sees the ball coming to him and realises in an instant that there are two courses which he may follow.

He takes half a minute to decide which is the better, and when his decision is arrived at he finds that he is too late and that the opportunity has been snatched from him.

In all practice games, make up your mind to act judiciously and also at once. You will be wrong sometimes, but it is better to be right occasionally than to miss every chance through hesitating.

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R. T. BRODIE.

CHEEK.

In view of the forthcoming hunting season, there has been some discussion in the sporting pictorials as to whether it is advantageous for ladies to ride astride. Of course it is a matter that affects the bags.

* * * * * * *

A lady in court proceedings admitted that she knew, even before her marriage, that her husband was a heavy drinker—but she was "blind" to his faults. So was the husband, usually.

* * * * * * *

Instructors of Territorial signallers have found that only the "dots" are difficult to the learners. The merest amateurs among the rank and file seem to supply the "dashes" naturally.

* * * * * * *

England is really a most peaceable country. Here the Czar is safe from Anarchists—and the Anarchists safe from the Czar.

* * * * * * *

There was an officers' bath race at the 4th Battalion London Regiment sports on Salisbury Plain. It looked odds on the leaky baths that could run well.

* * * * * * *

Miss Maud Allan recently danced on the Britannia Pier at Great Yarmouth. Does this effectively answer the ancient riddle: "Why did the lobster blush?"

* * * * * * *

"Men's Wear" states that the cult of the ornamental sock is going to absurd lengths. Our experience, however, is that one has only to hitch the trousers ever so slightly, when sitting down to tea after a tennis party, for the ladies to exclaim, "I can see your suspender, sir!"

* * * * * * *

We read that the King of Portugal is coming over to England on matchmaking bent. Many noblemen, we know, dabble in trade, but can't Royalty leave it alone?

* * * * * * *

Some young men find it easier to get married than to get furniture—hence the enormous success of the instalment-system furnishing companies. So far, no one has thought of adapting the instalment plan to matrimony, but we may have that, too, some day.

* * * * * * *

A lady was recently awarded £65 damages for "breach" against a gentleman who wrote her as follows: "I will love you with a love that will never diminish. Excuse this blotch of ink." Humorous writing never *did* pay very well.

* * * * * * *

A student of character writes to one of the papers that "the artistic temperament leans much towards the immoral." That is to say that artists draw the line at nothing, eh?

* * * * * * *

A 'steemed contemp. points out that several Devonshire sailors have married farmers' daughters and become dairymen. Used to working at the pumps, of course.

J. B. PONDERS.

TYRE PRESSURE.

AN ARTICLE OF INTEREST TO CYCLISTS.

Apparently there is still a good deal of doubt in the minds of cyclists regarding the correct pressure to which their tyres should be inflated.

The matter is one of the greatest importance to every cyclist, for upon the proper condition of his tyres depends his comfort on long rides and short.

Some riders insist on having them board-hard, others prefer them slightly slack, while many, it appears, favour them very soft.

There are a few general axioms upon which one can arrive at reasonable conclusions in this matter.

The principle of riding with a very soft tyre is certainly not a correct one, therefore it may be assumed that cyclists do so more as a result of neglect than of premeditation.

A very soft tyre is greatly susceptible to puncture, wears quickly, and makes harder work for the cyclist, besides hindering his complete control of the machine, to which it is generally detrimental.

On the other hand, an absolutely hard tyre is equally undesirable.

The essential principles of the pneumatic tyre are its resilient and vibration-absorbing qualities, and these are practically destroyed when it is inflated to board-hard pressure. So far as the transmitting of road shocks are concerned, one might as well ride a solid rubber tyre.

There remains the happy medium between the two.

On a roadster machine, whose tyres are the popular 28in. by 1½in. in size, inflation should be continued until such a pressure is reached that just a slight impression can be made with the thumb. It should only be very slight however.

The front tyre may reasonably be a little softer than the back, as it has not so much weight to carry, nor has it to bear any driving strain.

Twenty-six-inch wheels transmit rather more vibration than twenty-eight, so some riders have their tyres on these wheels relatively slacker. This makes riding easier.

Small diameter racing tyres generally give the best results when inflated to high pressure, but no definite law can be set down regarding them, the best results being obtained by individual experiments, and by taking into consideration the roads over which they have to be used and the weight of the rider.

A tyre that suits one rider will not suit another; the degree of inflation must therefore be left for each to decide.

A distinction is sometimes needed, even between the pressure in various makes of the same size.

It should always be remembered that a hard tyre is less likely to side-slip than a flabby one, and the liability to puncture is also smaller.

The one exception regarding hard tyres and side-slips is when much riding over greasy stone setts is to be done, when it is advisable to have them blown only moderately hard.

SID. S. WELSH.

WATER POLO

THE GAME TO GIVE YOU CONFIDENCE IN THE WATER.

To the man who has never participated in a game of water polo, the pastime seems scarcely to rank amongst athletics, but to be rather a mere frolicking in the water. To the man who has once tried the game it is a very different matter.

Water polo is fascinating for many and divers reasons.

I do not know whether the utility of the game ever strikes those who play it, for probably they are thinking of the fun of the pastime rather than anything else; but that it is highly useful is indisputable.

The water polo player early learns how to free himself from any form of tackle, and, therefore, he is highly competent to deal with a drowning person who has become panic-stricken. Moreover, his game has given him a freedom in the water similar to that which the other polo player has upon horseback. A water polo man can rescue a person who is in danger of drowning with that ease which makes the task look simple.

NO SERIOUS MISHAPS.

Another attraction about the game—but again probably one which does not strike the players themselves—is that you never hear of serious accidents arising from it.

In a hard fought polo match you have all the fun of a Rugby game, but there are no broken collar bones, for the water acts as a cushion, and yields to every impact and prevents injury from every fall.

It is not a game to be taken up by anyone who is not physically fit, for it is essentially a pastime which requires stamina, and if this is a quality that you lack you must endeavour to acquire it in the first instance.

Long swims will answer your purpose as well as anything.

It must be remembered that in the game itself distance swimming is not needed, but during the fourteen minutes of the match there will be many demands upon your powers of keeping up, and it is by long-distance swimming that you will fortify yourself.

THE NEED FOR SPRINTING.

Practise also short sprints from side to side of the bath, for it is sprinting that pays in the game.

With regard to the details of water polo, you must get some expert player to instruct you, for such things cannot be described with paper and ink.

To some extent you must curb the enthusiasm of your teacher. He will want to put you up to everything simultaneously, forgetting that every tackle and every break is a matter of difficulty to the learner. Do not allow him to go on to the second tackle till you have thoroughly learned and mastered the first.

Generally the initial lessons in water polo take place on dry land, and it is well that they should do so, for, if the beginner is being taught in the swimming bath itself, his mind is to some extent taken up with the water, and his attention is being distracted from the thing he is being shown.

But, although the initial lessons should be given and received on dry land, the novice must not forget that the conditions in the water are somewhat different, and, if he is ever going to be a competent player, he must practise in the water what he has learned on land.

The breaks and the tackles are fairly well standardised, but the clever player invents new ones for himself, thus upsetting an adversary, because the latter has not time to invent a counter.

It is impossible in the brief space of this article to deal with the tackles in detail, but I would emphasise one point, and that is the need to use the legs as much as possible, for when you get a good leg-hold you render your opponent absolutely helpless.

Besides learning the tactics of the game from a competent instructor, you should practise by yourself in the bath. Get the ball and pass it to different points in the bath. This will secure accuracy in passing; you can also sprint after it each time, which will also bring up your speed.

SOME PRACTICE WRINKLES.

To improve yourself further, put the ball ten to twenty feet from the edge of the bath, place yourself beside the rail, and endeavour to secure the ball with one hand on the push off.

It is also necessary for you to practise underwater work. To do this, you can throw the ball into the middle of the bath, and, starting from the edge, you should endeavour to reach it and get hold of it without coming to the surface. If you practise this you will find it of great utility in a scrimmage.

If you are a timid player—and there are many men who, though otherwise plucky, lose their nerve in the water—you should practise frequently with some player who is admittedly rough. Duckings you will get, time and again, but presently you will lose your fear of them.

THE CONDITION OF THE MUSCLES.

Finally, I would caution the polo player against hardening his muscles.

Water polo is not a game where hard muscular development is needed. The muscles certainly must be fit, but they should be essentially soft and pliable, and if there is a coating of fat upon them, so much the better, for it is the player who weighs a little above the average who finds himself buoyant in the water and who never catches cold.

Artificial exercises are not of very much service to the water polo player. By far the best form of training is swimming and practising with the ball.

J. F. MADDISON.

THE GREATEST READERS.

The halfpenny Press and the spread of education have made us all newspaper readers nowadays, but in this respect the Yankee can easily give his English cousin points and a beating.

Watch the average Englishman in train or tram, and you will find that he usually contents himself with a single paper—penny or halfpenny, morning or evening—assuming that he reads a newspaper at all.

As often as not, however, his sole companion in the way of literature is a magazine or a weekly, a six-shilling novel or a sixpenny "shocker."

The Yankee, on the other hand, is usually provided with not less than three dailies, to say nothing of a weekly or two.

Such keenness not to miss any of the latest news may be taken as proof of an eager and receptive mind, if nothing else, and is doubtless much appreciated by the newspaper proprietors who provide his mental fare.

But readers who are capable of assimilating the hundred-page cyclopædia known to Americans as a Sunday paper, are not the men to shrink before a few mere dailies.

MALE EMOTIONS.

VI. PITY.

Pity is one of the emotions that must be pure to be pardonable.

If it is tainted with the least foreign element, it is belittled to unsightliness. There is such a thing as contemptuous pity, which stirs in its recipient hot resentment.

It has been said that pity is akin to love, but the only value of that statement is that it proves love and pity to be different.

Of course, love is an emotion capable of illimitable demonstrations, but unless you grant that a man may love everything and everybody about him, certainly pity is not essentially a demonstration of love.

For often we pity things that we are not conscious of loving. No doubt you have often pitied a youngster who bears marks of brutal ill-treatment, or a woman who is paying the price of her own folly and another's license. But you love neither of them in the sense that either is dear to you.

But pity is an emotion that women are allowed to display more than men. There is a tenderness about pity which tends to give a suggestion of effeminacy, and, therefore, men are reluctant to show it.

Men show no pity for one another, except at rare moments, and then both are profoundly uncomfortable.

Nay, more, a feeling of pity makes a man so unhappy that instinctively he seeks something to vent his discontent upon. I don't know whether you have ever experienced a like sensation, but if, for instance, I see an animal—a horse or a dog—in distress, I immediately feel anxious to pick a quarrel with the first person I meet.

But though men seldom show pity for one another, and, indeed, feel it more strongly for the dumb and helpless than those who are capable of defending themselves (which is the real and true explanation of it), it must not be imagined that pity is unknown between them. But it is a pity which is concerned mainly with the accidents ills of life, the ills which one has no control over.

A man will know great pity for another who has lost wife, or child, or chum; he will know a pity that makes him almost desperate if one of his fellows suffers physical deformity, such as blindness, loss of limb, or if he is attacked by a slow but deadly disease.

But a sane and healthy man feels no pity for one who has played the fool (I need not enumerate the many ways we can all do that); nor, be it said to our credit, does the fool feel aught but anger against anyone that pities him, for he knows it to be contemptuous pity.

Women have the prerogative of revealing pity. Think of a battlefield, with the stricken wounded groaning in despite of the will to endure grimly. And of the hospital ward! Oh, yes, women have the gift that we have not; they can show their pity in deeds. The pity of women is a divine thing.

There are men who are permitted the gift now and then, perhaps equally so with women. But they can only use it when none look on. A soldier will help a wounded comrade, his heart bleeding with pity, so long as the two of them are alone. He will help him in the same way with others about, but any of you who know what it is will realise that pity then is absent. Rage and hate against the enemy who has done the deed will supplant it. Only in quiet and alone can pity remain with a man.

Of late there has been evident a growing antagonism between the sexes, due partly to commercial rivalry and the wider freedom of women, which has, to some extent, altered their attitude towards us.

But there are many things hidden in the heart and many invisible links that bind men and women together.

Pity is a link of the sexes. It unites the best parts of us, man to woman. Men often need pity but can never ask for it. Women—bless them for it!—have a way of understanding our needs without being told.

C. WOLFE.

A STORY OF STRONG HUMAN INTEREST.

ASHES

By R. D. CROMBIE.

Why don't you *say* you are sick of it?" said the an suddenly.

ecause I'm not," he retorted.

ou are. You know you are. You're getting te the very sight of me. You wish yourself out of it—only you can't find a way."

stirred restlessly in his seat.

h, don't start that all over again," he said in en tone. "I don't see what good it does."

ood! No, it doesn't do any good. I agree you there. Nothing that's good has ever to you and me since we've known each other."

Well, of course, if *you're* sick of it ——" he n savagely.

t the laugh on her lips checked him. It was gh to sting.

You know the man tires first," she observed . "But he always manages in some cunning to attribute the blame to the woman."

e man turned his eyes from her, eyed the , drove his feet against the fender—and ed at her again.

e, who knew him so well, saw faint hope in yes. He was hoping she would get up and he whole business should end, here, to-night. d the blade that was always in her heart y gave another cruel twist.

er lips went a shade paler, but the mocking e never left her face.

Shall I recapitulate the story?" she suggested. all I revive the romance? Shall I wake the le flower to life again? Perhaps if we saw it utiful and full of colour again we might—we t——"

er voice failed her. No; she could not sneer e memory of her heaven.

emper awoke in the man at the hint of ousness in her tone. He loathed scenes. re had been scenes now almost daily.

Why can't you shut up about it?" he de- ded. "What good——Oh, bah!"

e stood up. It was past the closing-time of ls, but he felt he must go out, that he must , that he would do anything to get out of this is atmosphere—this perpetual recrimination.

nd the woman, watching, read him like a book. No," she said, firmly and quietly, "don't go, id. We'll have it out."

I'm fed up with it all," he said, with an accent hich self-pity rang. He strained his chin up, seemed to tell his suffering to something e him. "Fed up with it!"

he knuckles of her hands whitened as they tened on the arms of her chair.

Satiated?" she whispered.

Satiated," he echoed.

Dead sick and sorry for the whole thing?" whispered, her eyes dilating.

echanically, without relaxing his rigid pos- almost as if a voice other than his own spoke, epeated the words.

Dead sick and sorry for the whole thing."

he woman closed her eyes for a moment. en she opened them he was staring down at and scowling.

I'm *not*," he said, stubbornly. "Things are the same now as they've been from the start. re living together. I've got nobody, nor have There's nobody to offend by our scorning conventions. We're together. We've got fortable rooms and enough money. What do we want? Why can't you be satisfied?"

Do you still love me?" she asked, simply, ost with the simple pathos of a child.

Oh, that!" he exclaimed, impatiently.

Oh, that!" said herself to her heart, and the e twisting again made her catch her breath pain.

I love you as much as ever I did," he added.

David Field," she said solemnly, "if that were you would be the wickedest man in God's ation."

e sat down again, biting his lips.

Oh, let's talk it over reasonably," she pleaded.

"This sort of thing only makes us hate one another. And that is dreadful, almost unbearable, to me, after—after all we've been."

"There you go again!" he interrupted sharply. "Always the whining note, always seeking tragedy. You women never can be sane and calm over things."

"Dear God!" whispered her silent voice to herself. "I am to him now but one of the race of women."

But aloud she said:

"I want to be calm and sane. I want to have it out. But you seem to forget how much more this means to me than you."

"I should never let you want money," he said.

"Oh!" She covered her face.

He gave vent to an exclamation of disgust, and her hands came away quickly.

"All right. I'm not crying," she said, with a wan smile. "That shook me for a moment—that was all."

"All!" he repeated with loud anger. "Can't you see that everything I say, everything you say, only aggravates things? Every remark we make is like a smack in the face to one or the other. We're like a cat and a dog."

He stopped as abruptly as he had begun, his face working with the violence of his emotion.

"It's so hateful," he added, more subduedly.

They did not speak for a time, but at last the silence was broken—and the woman broke it.

"It is the end," she said.

Passion and resentment had gone from her voice now, and it was still and small, like a call of farewell from afar.

"We will drop it," she added, with a sad little laugh. "Shall we David, dearie?"

"I suppose so," he replied gloomily, staring into the dead fire in the grate. He had not noticed the endearment.

"It's all been a wretched mistake," she went on, as if arguing with herself. "We shouldn't have done it. There was something wrong somewhere. I don't just know what it was. I haven't been wicked. I know it isn't that. All my life, you know, David, I've always been ever so conscious when I was doing wrong. And it never seemed wrong that I should come to you."

She spoke almost in a whisper, still to her invisible self.

"It was like a river running towards the sea," she said.

"Downhill," he added bitterly.

"To the sea," she corrected gently.

"To the Dead Sea," he muttered, "whose fruit is ashes."

"Even the Dead Sea was made by God," said the woman, but the reason wherefore made them silent again.

Once more she spoke first, and now there was hopefulness in her tone—that strange hopefulness which always accompanies resignation, as if the reality of the inevitable contained comfort in itself.

"We can at least sorrow over the death of things together," she said, "just for to-night."

He looked at her. He got up. He went over and sat on one arm of her chair, and caressed her hair.

"My poor little girl!" he said.

She reached up a hand, clasped and held his. They both felt pity for each other now. Some great mysterious gap was between them, but for a little while they could reach over and lock hands—sorrowing.

"Must this be the end?" he asked.

His voice was sad, but there was not in his eyes that genuine sympathy and love which the woman demanded.

She read his thoughts, but looked at him bravely and without flinching.

"To me," she said softly, "this love of ours has been like a little child, a child of my own and yours, naughty sometimes, a great burden and a great pain—but always precious. And now the child is dead."

She bent back her head and looked up at him.

"Let's bury it," she whispered.

Unnamable feelings were struggling in his face for utterance.

"*Must* we?" he asked, and the will for it to live was manifest in everything about him.

But the woman who knew him through and through had also learnt something in this last half-hour that she had never learnt before. It was that love can neither be created nor resurrected by will. It is a gift.

"We cannot raise from the dead," she said, steadily.

"Would to God——" he began.

"Ssh! Don't let us be rebellious. Let's sit very still—and think."

"No; I must say it. Would to God there had been a real child! We should not be—as we are—lost, groping like blind things in outer darkness."

The woman pulled her hand away. She twisted round in her chair and faced him. There was fear in her eyes.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said. "That was brutal. It was our compact. We agreed that we would only have one another. We——"

"No, no! It isn't that." She was excited. She gripped his coat. She spoke so rapidly he could hardly follow her.

"Can't you understand the meaning? Don't you see why unions such as ours are a failure? They're always a failure in the end. They always end in bitterness and abuse. The man tires; the woman gets jealous, fierce for others not to have him, though she gets to loathe him herself.

"They're bad, tinged with the hues of false romance, gilded dross—dross, I tell you. Why, why, why? Can't you see? Children are impossible. That's why. And if there are children they're illegitimate and wronged from birth. We're lawless. We are thieves of pleasure. We sever ourselves from the world and try to live in a world of our own. And our world splits in twain—because it's hollow.

"We're cowards. We live in sloth and indulgence, and become clogged and foul. We've dodged Life, you and I, David, but he's caught us at last, and his iron heel is grinding us into the earth."

"Be quiet!" said the man, harshly.

"It's true," she said. "It's true. Oh, David, if we'd only married! If we'd only had the courage to be like other people, and not thought it was brave to be different. It wasn't brave. You know it wasn't. I can see you understand now. Oh, the fools we've been! The wonderful love that was given us that we've poisoned with our selfishness! Think of children around us, living emblems of our love! Think of care for them, sacrifice for them, how they'd have made us love each other because we loved them. Now, love's dead, because we've killed it. Oh!—oh!" She gave way utterly.

"Yes," said the man to himself, watching her as she sobbed and rocked herself to and fro, "it's ashes indeed." For, pitying as he felt for her, he knew that his power to comfort her had gone.

PIGEON SHOOTING

A FASCINATING AND INEXPENSIVE SPORT.

The end of summer offers a chance that should not be missed by the keen "gun."

When, at the end of August and onward, the corn stands in stooks in the fields waiting to be carried, and when the beans and vetches and other crops have been carted from the land, leaving stubble and stalk and innumerable seed-pods and seeds scattered over the land, then the pigeon in his hundreds and even thousands swoops down upon the land and gives the keen shot the chance of the year for a hard day's work. Old and young birds are by now indistinguishable, so far as their sporting qualities are concerned.

That is to say, they are strong on the wing, quick to turn and twist at less than a second's notice, and very wary if once they scent danger.

To the man who is spending a holiday on a farm, or to one who is near enough to one to get into touch with the farmer, this late summer visitation from the pigeons is a great time.

It has many things to recommend it to the sportsman who cannot rent his pheasant, grouse, or partridge ground, and whose opportunities are few and far between for indulging in a hard day's rough shooting.

Indeed, to my thinking, the pigeon beats the rabbit hollow as ideal game for rough shooting.

PLENTY OF CHANCES.

Pigeons at this time of the year are not so subject to those moods that seem to affect rabbits. Pigeons must feed, and feed during the day, so that one need hardly ever go a day without finding endless opportunities for blazing away.

And the pigeon takes more and cleaner killing than the rabbit. Indeed, it is astonishing how much shot a bird will apparently "swallow" and still pursue his strong and rapid flight without turning a feather.

It requires some care, and the exercise of a true sportsman's stalking instincts, to get the better of them, and thus an element of constant wariness enters into the game.

The summer pigeon sportsman must be up early. Pigeons have a way of making a day's meal within a couple of hours of the sun's rising.

He should, then, be on the scene of the operations in very good time, and let him not rush and scramble into his ambush or he will attract the eyes of a thousand birds, and may wait in vain for hours without hearing so much as the delicious loud flapping of the birds' wings as they rise from the ground or come circling overhead preparatory to settling in the field.

THE OUTFIT NEEDED.

The gun, in pigeon-shooting, offers no problems. Any decent gun will do.

There is no need for elaborate paraphernalia. An ordinary farm or keeper's gun suitable for general use is as good as any expensive "specially made" weapon.

Cartridges, too, need be of no exact description. A medium-size shot for rough shooting, as sold by any of the well-known makers, does admirably.

There should be no stint of ammunition, for with reasonably good luck the man out for pigeons, if he chooses his position well and gets to work sensibly, often has his day's work cut out to keep pace with the opportunities the birds offer.

A word now as to dress. Quiet colours, or rather shades, are indispensable.

Pigeons, like most birds, are keen of sight, and however well a man may be concealed in his hedge, hut, or artificial shelter, the birds will see him if he puts on a shining straw hat or a white slouch," either of which will dazzle like a sun from the bosky green retreat from which he must shoot.

No great contrasts, even in such details as a necktie, should be worn. The great object is to render oneself neutral.

The most important matter is, of course, the choice of a ground and of an ambush. As to the former, it must always be land that has been freshly relieved of its crops.

Pigeons are great wanderers. They have a liking for frequent change of scene, and they are keen to scent or see any newly-shorn acres where the seeds or peas that have fallen from the farmer's sheaves are fresh and tasty. They seem to have an infinite capacity for devouring peas.

It is best, therefore, to choose a spot in a hedge from which as much ground as possible of this sort can be commanded. The greater the area the gun can command, the greater the number of his feathered victims.

THE SPORTSMAN'S AMBUSH.

The construction of a suitable and convenient shelter is important, for if the sportsman chooses a cramped position in which he cannot turn readily in all directions under suitable cover, he will spend the day in physical misery, and will only avail himself of about one in every ten of the shots that he might have taken.

A spreading hedge, beneath which he can manœuvre with ease, and from under which he can command all, or most, of the ground around him, is, of course, the ideal. He should avoid, whenever possible, choosing a position near to still standing crops, for many of his birds will certainly fall into them, and he will lose a large proportion of his bag.

From this position he can arrange convenient openings in the foliage to command the high, medium, low, and ground shots.

THE UTILITY OF DECOYS.

If he can obtain a few dummy decoy birds and place them casually on the ground or on prominent corners of the stooks of corn or the faggots of peas, he will be sure to get still better sport.

Then, when safely and comfortably ensconced, let him have his ammunition handy and keep eyes and ears wide open. I can promise him the liveliest day's work with the gun that he is ever likely to get.

I have found that it matters little whether the sportsman smokes hard or not. Pigeons do not seem to have a keen nose for the presence of danger, depending for the most part on their sharp eyes.

Many a day have I spent with pipe and book and gun, a huge lump of bread and cheese and a bottle of beer (with a screw stopper for convenience), in such an ambush as I have here described, and I have struggled home burdened with birds that have gone to make many a delicious pie for harvesters.

CECIL KENNEDY.

WHY NOT?

Why not have a glance at the third page of cover, with all the bargains it offers to the sportsman?

Why not insert an advertisement of what you want next week? There *are* things you want, and it is by a brief announcement on that page that you will get them. The cost need not be more than a shilling.

Why not avail yourself of this opportunity? Those who have already advertised have been delighted with the number of replies they have received. You will have plenty of replies also.

JONES'S BODY

AND HIS EFFORTS TO BEA

Jones is going in for physical cul

He says he will be a champion be is already a champion talker.

First of all he tried Jones's o don't know whether this was his ow whether it was a relation who peculiar and painful guide of life.

But it seems to consist principall motions, such as trying to see the back, grasp your Achilles tendon i touch the ceiling with the other, &c

All this makes you supple, Jo judging from the difficulty he see sitting down, I doubt it.

He says the chief thing is to exha the last ounce. Judging from after indulging in his monkey-like knows his work.

He has adorned his room with p mottoes, such as "I must be go "Keep fresh," "Time for exercise,"

Jones told me that he felt fit to life. If that be so, his life is like tail—not worth speaking about.

He bought a shilling book on lured Tomlinson into taking him nothing of the game, I was app "because I should be strictly impa something in that.

Jones said he'd show us a thin did. Mostly abrasions.

After they had made some aimle another, Tomlinson got a hold, and into the fender and got mixed up irons.

Finally, Jones crawled under t reach of Tomlinson, who instantly gained "a rolling fall." I saw enough, but as Jones had been on upwards of an hour I failed to see came in.

They played at Græco-Roman af was the Greek, I fancy. It's a game. They put their arms round down on the rug, and went to slee

The landlady woke them up, I fa

Jones says there's nothing like t self-defence to make a man of you.

Judging by its latest exponent, J be still in the making.

He has studied a bit under a guarantees his pupils "no bloo practising at home on a punch b the professor the lie. He says h hang of it," but the ball has got Jones right enough each time.

He says he's developing a te know he's spoiling the wall-paper his knuckles.

He talks about his foot work &c. As far as I can see, he sim own corns and falls over his feet.

He attempted shadow boxing only. His landlady made her a seeing Jones fighting with an imag cluded "he'd got 'em again," knocked him out with a jug of rea

He asked me what I thought leads.

Well, they seemed to lead to thought a great deal more of th ball replied with.

Weight-lifting does not make according to Jones, who has been coals and doing a deal of lifting (I think Jones was a bit short Saturday.)

But his attempts at breaking were a dismal failure. "The b doubled him up, and "the brained me.

The last time I saw Jones he sprinting. Clad in an abbreviat was dodging a motor-'bus, and i on either side to "run him in."

SIGIS

The Bounder

AN IMPRESSION.

"This place is slow—dam slow," remarked the gentleman from L———. We all knew he came from L———, because he had extolled that excellent city all the evening, and as he quaffed tankards of beer he had toasted L——— alternately with Seacliff—"the slackest one-eyed show on earth."

"If you came to L———," he said, "I could introduce you to a few of the boys, and, my gosh, you'd have a time! If you went into an hotel there, what would happen to you?"

"Heaven only knows," observed the placid, reposeful George, who was luxuriously stretched out on a soft lounge, lost apparently in studying the smoke-blackened Elizabethan faces that looked down at us from the ancient carved ceiling.

"Well, I'll tell you," the Bounder went on. "They'd take you on trust and make a pal of you immediately. Then you would have some sport. Why"—the Bounder brought his fist down upon his knee—"you wouldn't go home anything *like* sober, and it's any odds they'd be able to raise a row with the police!"

"How jolly!" observed the lazy George.

"Rather! But I've been in this superannuated hole for three days, and no one has as much as bashed a copper's hat in, or tickled an inspector in the ribs. What are policemen for?"

"Well, they've got a nasty habit of locking people up here," said George, "when fellows interfere with their headgear."

"Well, we take our chance of that. That's the sport."

"Oh," said George, as one who sees new light. "Hope the cells are comfortably furnished in L———."

"Oh, I don't know *that*——"

"Then you've never really enjoyed yourself, after all?" George put in very seriously.

"Not enjoyed myself? Good Lord, man, you don't know *me!* I've been chucked out of every theatre in L———! There! Put that in your pipe and smoke it, my boy. Can any of you fellows show a record like that?"

The Bounder looked around the circle of languorous young men for contradiction. Triumph blazed in his bleary eyes, which were so eloquent of jovial evenings, and he proudly smoothed back the vestige of well-greased hair that covered those temples of his—temples that doubtless had throbbed in the chill grey of morning, after a glorious midnight carousal that could never be forgotten. It was something to be a Real Bounder.

We preserved a respectful silence.

"Now," he cried, boldly challenging the group, "I'll tackle you on the subject of smoking concerts."

There seemed to be no enthusiasm whatever in the company for smoking concerts.

George, however, ventured to remark that he had been told he sang "Songs of Araby" rather well for a mere amateur.

"'Songs of Araby'! Bah, Bah, sir," observed the Bounder, disgustedly.

"Pish—tush, sir!" George put in weakly.

"You ought to hear our lot when we get fairly on the go!" the Bounder went on unheeding. "We don't sing sentimental muck like the 'Songs of Araby.' Why, I remember one night we woke up all New Brighton with 'In the Twi-twi-twi-light.' Spiffing chorus; you *yell* the last 'twi-light,' you know. We kicked up a fair hell with it!"

"I can quite believe you," said George. The Bounder took the remark as a compliment, and finished his beer at a gulp.

"And then—the girls of simple Seacliff! Good 'evins, the girls!" The Bounder turned his eyes despairingly to the ceiling.

"You mean the simple girls of Seacliff," George put in.

"Not bloomin' likely! I picked up what looked to be a first-class little bird on the pier. Seemed to cotton to me rather, and said I wasn't so slow as the Seacliff chaps were. (Present company *always* excepted, I'm not, either!) Well, it got to christian names and askin' each other's ages, and all that sort of thing. So I stood her some coffee in that little Japanese place on the pier, where a girl faked up as a Japanese charges you about two-an'-six extra for lookin' at her.

"Well, we got down to a seat on the beach at the finish. Then, when I ventured to admire her pink skin that showed through her open-work stockin's at the ankle, she said she wasn't that sort, sir!"

"Too utterly puritanical for words!" said George, sympathetically.

"He ought to have been with us last Grand National Day, eh, cocky?" asked the Bounder, referring to me.

It was on the historic racecourse at Aintree that I had rescued him from the clutches of a confidence trick man—a thing I have repented ever since.

"George," I replied, "is a devil for sport—aren't you, George?"

"He doesn't look it," the Bounder put in, unkindly, "except about the socks. Barring them, he might be a Seventh Day Baptist."

George joined heartily in the general laugh that went round the assembled company.

"Well, *I'll* go to sea on a Friday," the Bounder whispered to me. "How *can* you excite these sickly Seacliffers?"

"I can't make out how you chaps live here at all," he went on. "With the exception of the pleasure I feel in meeting my old pal here, I shall say 'Thank heaven!' when the train steams out of the station on Friday mornin'."

"A lot of people will say the same thing," observed George, laconically. "Other people who are leaving, I mean, old chap," he added, hastily.

"H'm. Yes," replied the Bounder, disappointed at losing a chance of a general disturbance. "Well, where's your theatres? What price your skating-rinks? And what ass manages your rotten tram service?"

Wearily George touched the bell.

"Gentleman in the corner wants a Seacliff Guide Book, please," he said to the barmaid.

The Bounder, squashing an inclination to swear, took the book.

"'Seacliff,'" he read aloud, "'is pleasantly situated on the West Coast, in a landlocked bay. It's renowned for its cooling breezes and dry atmosphere.' Ah, that accounts for it!" said the Bounder. "It's the climate."

"That's no end of an interesting book," said George. "Have you got to Seacliff's cerulean skies and its blue sea in the almost Neapolitan bay?"

"No," replied the Bounder, disgustedly, "but washing the shores of Seacliff is enough to make any self-respecting sea look blue! Bah! I'm going to bed. Good-night."

Then peace reigned in the venerable oak-panelled lounge of the ancient hostelry, which is our Pleasant Isle of Aves.

CHARLES WILCOX.

IN THE ORCHARD.

AN OPEN-AIR SKETCH.

There is a peculiar attraction, for the man who is sympathetic towards the processes of nature and the work of the countryside, in the orchard.

Its call is one in which the voice of romance blends well with the voice of utility, for once in a way, so that there is no clashing of interests, no crude antagonism between its beauty and its purpose.

In my mind's eye I see a spreading orchard that rises from the lip of a stream up the side of a gentle hill. In itself it is beautiful, and its deep shade proves grateful after the glare of streets.

From the earliest days of spring, when its leaves were hidden in a sea of pale pink and white blossom, right through the summer until now, it has afforded me infinite pleasure.

Now and again its silence has been rudely broken by the report of my gun, as I crept stealthily through its grass to the upper end, where I can always be sure of a rabbit, and sometimes two, when I am quick enough with "right and left"—which is not often.

For the rabbits have a long view of my approach towards their miniature warren, and only a stray squatter in the grass, hoping that I shall pass on and not disturb him, is left by the time I am within range.

But now the orchard has begun to see its busiest days, for the branches are burdened with well-ripened fruit; and being excellent apples they are worth gathering with care, and I lend a hand each year.

It is essential that no fruit should drop to earth, for in its fall its virtue disappears. It is bruised and so imperfect that connoisseurs will pass it by like something soiled and spoiled—like a woman who has flouted one too many of the conventions.

And so beneath each tree we spread a canvas upon poles to catch the fruit that may fall at a touch.

We treat each reddened, luscious fruit like tight-rope walkers and aerial acrobats, and spread a net below to catch them.

Round the low-bowed branches we pass first of all, picking off the fruit and handling it with as much care as if it were a priceless vase, depositing it safely in a basket.

And when the branches nearest earth are cleared we mount on ladders and pick all within arm's length, carefully loading each one into our baggy aprons. These are the rules for all our choicest trees.

Sterner and rougher methods are adopted with the coarser trees, whose harvest is fit only for the cider press. These, with a few vigorous shakings of the tree, come tumbling down upon our heads.

They are gathered hastily, thrown haphazard into huge heaps, and then wheeled off in barrows to the dark and roomy cider mill to be crushed and pressed and squeezed of every drop of juice.

It is a curious process this of making the "rough" cider that quenches the summer thirst of workers in next year's harvest fields.

One needs a parched throat indeed before the stuff becomes palatable, but hardy labourers swallow it by the keg, and find its biting sharpness most refreshing. "It nips the throat," they say expressively.

There are none of the scientific, chemical adulterations that sophisticated brewers add to beer. It is simply the juice of the fruit pressed out from between layers of straw, drained into barrels, skimmed at intervals of its accumulated scum that rises to the surface—and drunk.

And the pigs fatten on the dry refuse that is left.

The work of sorting, packing, and despatching the choicest fruit continues while the town's demand is strong enough to make it worth our while, and when this ceases we can begin to count our own supply and revel in plenty.

Few fruits can equal the best that English orchards can produce, and there are few things more delicious, to the man of taste, than a ripened apple, taken from the store about the time the earliest autumn frosts cover the lawns with white.

T. MYERS.

Our Readers' Page.

FOR SWIMMERS.

Most men have at some time or another taken up swimming as a pastime, but there are many who have given it up because they found that it did not agree with them. It is always their own fault.

Much damage to health is caused by standing about at the edge of the bath in your wet costume after you come out of the water.

There may be attractions that tempt you to wait a bit before getting into your clothes—someone may be giving a very good exhibition of diving, or you may be amused at the antics of a learner. Watch these things by all means, but get dried and get your clothes on first.

Many have given up swimming because of injury to their health, but the injury never arises from swimming itself, but generally from this habit of loafing about wet.

There are others who have dropped swimming because the water affects their ears. This can easily be prevented by plugging the ears with cotton wool. When you leave the water you should remove these wads and replace them by dry ones, which will absorb any moisture that may have penetrated into the ear.

FACING THE LIGHT.

We are all of us astigmatic nowadays, and oculists tell us that the man with absolutely perfect eyesight will soon be as rare as the phœnix.

Consequently much attention is paid to the artificial illuminant by which one's reading or writing is done, and the respective merits of electric light, gas, oil-lamps, and candles are eagerly canvassed.

But it does not seem to be generally realised that the position of the light with reference to the reader or writer is almost, if not quite, as important as its quantity and quality.

There can be nothing worse for the eyes than to work with the light directly facing them and on the same level.

If possible, it should come from above and behind you, preferably over your left shoulder. That is the ideal position.

Moreover, too much artificial light is always inadvisable, even when it is properly placed. This applies more particularly to oil lamps.

One of these is considerably better than two, provided that the one is a good one. The reason is that no two lamps, even of the same make, burn exactly alike, and the blending of their lights is apt to be exceedingly trying to the sight.

CYCLE GYMKHANAS.

To insure success in the "tortoise" or slow race, constant practice in balancing is, of course, essential. Perfect balance is obtained by judicious movement of the front wheel and play upon the pedals.

A lot depends upon a slow start, and the slowest way to mount is by putting your right foot over the frame and on to the right pedal, which should be three-quarters of the way down.

To do well at "musical chairs," you must be a fleet runner, and be able to fall off your bike in no time. Hire an old crock which you can leave to fall with a crash as you race for the last chair. Also, don't forget to keep your eye on the man who signals the band to stop.

Another favourite competition is a timed race round the grounds, leaving trees on your right and flower tubs on your left. As you are disqualified if you pass anything on the wrong side, make yourself thoroughly familiar with the course before the race. Free-wheel machines and low gears are an advantage when getting round obstacles.

In the "costume" race everything depends on the rapidity with which you can attire yourself in the fantastic dress provided. Details are not noticed, so slip into the toggery anyhow, and don't worry if your head goes through the opening intended for your arm.

Competitors in the "potato-picking" race have to carry a spear, and, whilst sprinting for home, peg at potatoes on the ground, the winner being the first man home with a potato. Endeavour to get to the potatoes first if possible, or your chances may be spoiled by the foremost competitor overbalancing and falling over them. Fix your attention on one potato only, and lean low down when pegging.

The "apple and bucket" race is a teaser to those who cannot get an apple out of a bucket of water with their teeth. Don't approach the apple sideways, as it only bobs away; the secret is to put your mouth right over it.

There are many additional races for ladies and gentlemen in pairs—the "Gretna Green" race, "handkerchief" race, and "needle-threading" race, for instance—and the prizes always go to those couples who have practised together rather than to those who are expert riders apart, but do not understand one another's peculiarities in riding.

THE UTILITY OF SPURS.

That spurs are the most practical method of admonition and stimulus that can be applied to a horse has long been recognised by our military authorities, who may be supposed to know a bit about it, but they are not by any means universally worn by civilian horsemen, many of whom prefer to carry a whip.

A riding whip has certain advantages—for example, there are some men who find it as awkward to manage their hands when they are on a horse as when they are walking along the street; they want something to carry, and the whip fills the blank.

But as a means of admonition, the whip falls far short of spurs. Out of the corner of his eye your horse can see the whip descending, whereas the spurs catch him unexpectedly, and the taking of him by surprise is half the battle. Knowing that he has, so to speak, an enemy in ambush, who may open attack upon him without warning, he refrains from playing you those tricks which he might otherwise do.

Apart from their utility, spurs undoubtedly set off the foot of the horseman—if they are kept brightly polished, of course. Particular attention should be given to the rowels, for, although the rest of the spur is usually made of nickel, the rowels are almost invariably of steel and are, therefore, liable to rust.

The very sensitive rider, who looks upon the spur, whether used or unused, as an instrument of cruelty, may have the rowels extracted and circles of metal or threepennypieces inserted in their place.

PARAGRAPHS WANTED.

Send us a paragraph about something a man is interested in, something you are interested in yourself.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

The first prize this week goes to Mr. W. V. Bailey, 7, Market-street, Kidsgrove, Staffs., for "Cycle Gymkhanas."

DIRTY TOBACCO POUCHES.

Many smokers have been forced by the recent rise in the price of tobacco to consider ways and means of economising a little. Here is a hint for such.

The rubber pouch used by most pipe smokers can be bought for a shilling or so, and has therefore the great advantage of being cheap.

But, unfortunately, like many other cheap things, it is prone to become decidedly nasty, collecting as it does a quantity of the dust and dirt which seem inseparable from the masculine coat-pocket. Tobacco, too, is a somewhat sticky substance, and speedily does its share of soiling the pouch.

Many men, disgusted by the rubber's filthy appearance, throw their pouches away long before they are torn or worn out. It does not seem to occur to them that cleaning would be easy.

Take a nail-brush and a piece of soap and give the rubber a good washing both inside and out.

Be careful, however, to dry thoroughly after washing, as too much moisture will probably not improve your tobacco, besides having a tendency to rot the pouch.

THE UNNERVED HORSE.

Even more than most men, the prospective purchaser of a horse needs all his wits about him, and the following tip may be particularly commended to his attention.

Many horses suffering from navicular disease are rendered quite fit for work for some years longer by having part of the leg nerve removed. This prevents them from feeling any pain when the foot is set down, but the disease can never be completely remedied, any more than an unsound tooth can be made whole by the extraction of the nerve.

The unnerved horse is, therefore, an animal to be avoided, seeing that he is liable to collapse at any time. How, then, is his weakness to be detected?

The fact that he feels no pain in his diseased member makes a policy of pin-pricks the thing to be adopted.

The perfectly sound horse will naturally object by raising his foot and drawing away from the mild annoyance. But the unnerved animal feels no pain when the pin is inserted in the proper spot below the knee, and consequently shows no surprise.

The above test for "navicular" is exceedingly simple, but, none the less, it will be found almost infallible.

SMOKING CARRIAGES.

The constant invasion of smoking carriages in railway trains by non-smokers calls for a word or two of protest.

The bawling baby and the attendant nursemaid—to take a couple of instances—all too frequently invade a crowded "smoker," despite the fact that there may be plenty of non-smoking carriages available.

This is distinctly hard on the would-be puffer, who is often unable to find a compartment in which he may puff without feeling that he is offending someone. One may fairly doubt, too, whether the fumes of tobacco are altogether good for the invading baby, to say nothing of the nursemaid.

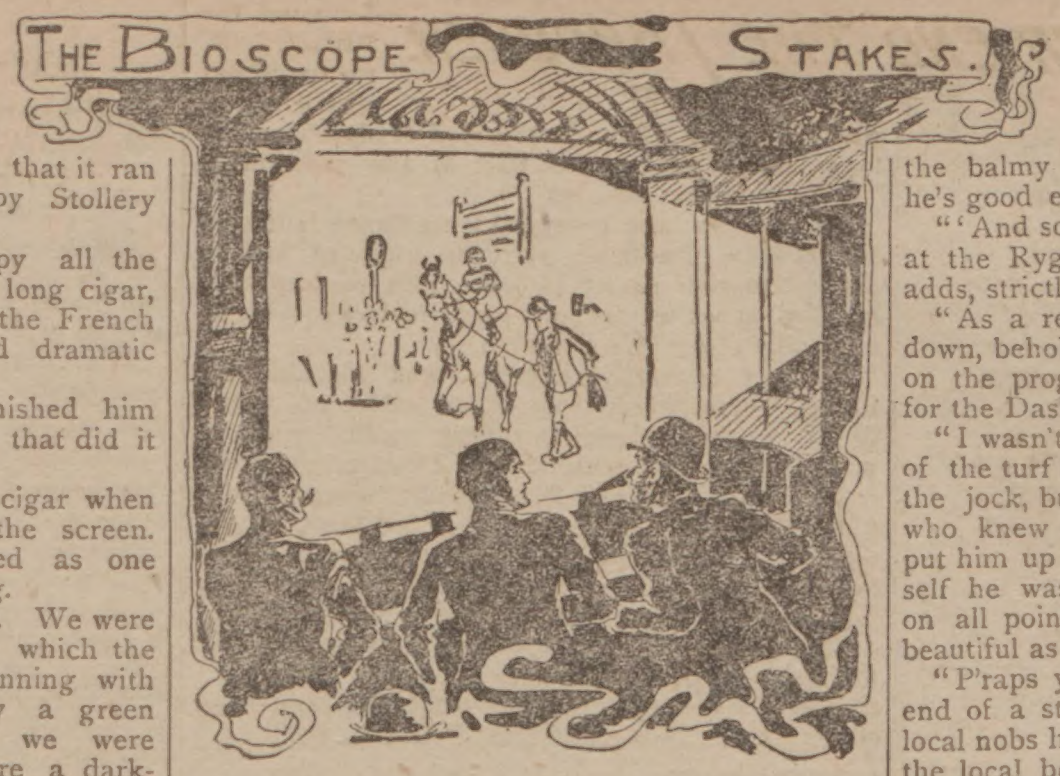
The attraction of the smoking carriage for the non-smoker is a mysterious and incomprehensible thing. One can only attribute it to sheer cussedness.

Numerous compartments are set apart in every train for the benefit of abstainers from nicotine. Why, then, should they intrude where they are not wanted?

It seems only reasonable to suggest that smoking compartments should be reserved solely for the people for whom they are presumably intended, and all travellers therein should be required by the railway companies' by-laws to consume at least one cigarette, cigar, or pipeful of tobacco before being allowed to depart.

A RACING STORY.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.



It was the evening of a day at Kempton Park, the success of which may be gauged from the fact that it ran to reserved fauteuils for Mr. Chippy Stollery and myself.

Chippy had been obviously happy all the evening, and, puffing luxuriously at a long cigar, he applauded everything, including the French songs of a sloe-eyed, massive, and dramatic Spanish Lady from Brixton.

But it was the bioscope that finished him completely, and the title of the film that did it was merely "The Favourite."

I saw Chippy suddenly drop his cigar when the moving picture was thrown on the screen. Then he leaned forward and gazed as one fascinated, while I watched, wondering.

The story was particularly simple. We were first treated to a touching scene, in which the stable jockey was making all the running with the trainer's daughter, assisted by a green slide to imitate moonlight. Then we were introduced to the stable-yard where a dark-haired man walked around trying doors—still in the moonlight. The dramatic music had borne upon us the fact that this was the villain who was about to nobble the favourite.

There followed the usual business associated with stage representations of alleged turf life—the crowd on the course, the race, and the inevitable triumph of the favourite, which had somehow escaped being nobbled after all.

It was led in triumph across the screen by the owner, and we had a full view of it.

It was then that Chippy suddenly sprang up in his seat, took a full view of the horse, and exclaimed that he could not bear it any longer.

I hurried out with him past a thoroughly scandalised audience, who made loud remarks regarding the presence of a drunken man in an otherwise respectable music-hall. A shocked and uniformed member of the chucking-out staff piloted us out of the darkness of the auditorium into the light and life of the refreshment buffet.

"What the devil is the matter?" I asked.

Mr. Stollery wiped his brow on a large yellow silk handkerchief. Then he collapsed into a lounge and ordered a stiff brandy and soda.

"Now explain your beastly self!" I said sternly, when he had gulped down the liquor.

"It's all right," he said. "It's my excitable, bloomin' nature. Did ye see that horse in the picture?"

"Certainly, I did."

"Well, well—oh, curse!" Mr. Stollery brought his fist down on the table with a bang that made the glasses dance. "It was Swillingford, I tell ye, by Pure Swank out of Sweet Simplicity—Swillingford, I repeat sir, many times winner of the Bioscope Stakes.

"Ye don't understand? Of course not, laddie. Neither did I, that was my trouble. Now, mark my words, when a horsey man starts fan-danglin' with mechanical science, he's whacked to the crows in the cerulean sky. When the family groom has to turn to and steer the squire's motor there's the devil himself threatenin' on the rails. Men what's connected with horses, either as cab-drivers or buyers of blood-stock, are askin' for it when they put their trust in mechanical science. That's what I did, and got left—badly left.

"Am I certain that it was indeed Swillingford in the cast of 'The Favourite'? Boy, a Bioscope Stakes horse in his time plays many parts—but could ye mistake the turn in Swillingford's bloomin' blaze, and the sock on his off fore? You might, but *I* couldn't. I've cause to remember him, I have!"

Mr. Stollery reached out his hand and absent-mindedly finished my brandy and soda.

"Why," he went on, "I made his acquaintance three years ago, but Swillingford's still in the land of the living, and looking particularly fit and well, as you see. Good looks and action were always his points."

He paused.

"That," he added heavily, "was precisely what took *me* in.

"It happened that after a successful day at one of the Metropolitan Meetings, same as it might be to-night, I was enjoying the very excellent show here, and towards the end, down went all the lights for the last turn, which was announced on the programme as the Ballyshannon Bioscope Company's exclusive amusin' and instructive films. Then in big letters, with a Grecian goddess or two, wearin' no clothes, pointin' to the inscription (in the picture of course, ye fool), were the words:

'THE OUTSIDER WINS.'

"Cli-n-k! you know how they start the little slide off—and then we beheld the openin' scene of the bioscopic drama—a clerk, just like the old, old story, cinematographed in the act of pilferin' the firm's petty cash to plank on the favourite on the morrow.

"Then that dissolved gradual like and we saw the misguided young man makin' a bet on the favourite with an impossible lookin' bookie, whom, personally, I wouldn't have trusted with a silver shillin' but in these instances fiction can usually give truth two stone and lose her easy.

"Then—'The Race.' My gawd, it *was* a race, too. It was a sort of down-the-course view, evidently taken as might be from the Press stand at Kempton Park, with the rails each side of you and a clear course along the straight.

"You could see 'em come along in a bunch all correct, with one takin' the lead—but the way that leader hopped it! His action was beautiful—that's what took my eye—and he seemed fifty per cent. too good for a Bioscope Stakes horse.

"On he came and won, pullin' up, by six lengths. Incidentally the petty cash pilferer was rew-ined, but my eye was on facts, not fiction.

"Followin' the 'book,' the owner led the horse in, and the jockey took off the saddle to go in and weigh. I could savvy, of course, that it was a put-up job, similar, alas! to many supposed *bona fide* races, but it was his beautifully continuous smashin' action that took my eye.

"For two nights followin' I went and enjoyed the two minutes of the Bioscope Stakes winner comin' up the course with that electric dash, worthy of Pretty Polly her sweet self.

"On the Saturday I approached Charlie Vant, manager for the Ballyshannon Bioscope Company, and, kiddin' him I'd like to borrow this Swillingford, to substantiate by photography one of my little fairy stories that I had once owned a racehorse, I arranged to come down on the Sunday and take the gee away. Worse luck, Charlie Vant is one of those obligin' chaps who'll do anything for anybody, and more especially for me.

"'That story,' he says, 'is a bit thin, but you can have the useful Swillingford providin' he's returned to me sound as delivered on Tuesday mornin'. Terms: a fiver cash down. I can supply you with a broken-down jockey for the purposes of the photograph, too, if you like.'

"'Can he ride?' I asks him.

"'Not under Jockey Club Rules, havin' been warned off in the balmy days of his youth,' he replies, 'but he's good enough for photographic purposes.'

"'And so he is for the Dashemall Selling Plate at the Rygate Flappin' Meetin' next Monday,' I adds, strictly to myself.

"As a result of these few words and a fiver down, behold Mr. Stollery's Swillingford appears on the programme at Rygate, under the entries for the Dashemall Selling Plate.

"I wasn't particularly struck by the ex-hero of the turf in the person of broken-down Henry, the jock, but, followin' instructions from a man who knew him, I got him half drunk before I put him up on the horse. Then he kidded himself he was at the old game again, bein' stupid on all points but ridin, an' he sat the horse as beautiful as Danny himself.

"P'raps you wouldn't believe it, but there's no end of a strong market at Rygate, because the local nobs have got the brass, and no error, and the local bookies ain't afraid to take it in large quantities. I got on a cool hundred of my little savin's at an average of 'tens,' the local talent goin' for the squire's best hunter.

"Then I retired into the cool of the paddock an' mused once again on the way the noble Swillingford had smashed along in the Bioscope picture, and as that scene passed in my mind's unfailin' eye, I laughed to meself, thinkin' of how he'd double up this collection of cab-horses, and incidentally put a thou. or so into my wallet. It was a beautiful reverie, only disturbed by the shout of 'Off!' from the little match-board lookin' stands."

Mr. Stollery at this point sprang up dramatically and put his hands up to his eyes in imitation of race-glasses, sweeping the landscape, which consisted mainly of whisky advertisements.

"Have the man put out," said an immaculate youngster who was "seeing life."

Chippy turned upon him for a moment, looked him all over as he might a horse or a curiosity, and the young man finished his whisky an' soda and left.

"Where's mother?" Chippy asked, turning to me.

"Never mind his mother," I urged. "Get along with the story."

He cleared his throat with another refresher, and recommenced his narrative.

For the next half-minute all dramatic Drury Lane records, including the racecourse scenes in "Woman and Wine," "The Run of Luck," &c., were beaten.

"Off!" Mr. Stollery shouted, startling the somnolent barmaid. "What's first away? Gad! It's old Stollery's Swillingford. What a gallant horse! What a smasher! See! The others can't sanguinary well live with him. Go it, Henry! Ride him, me bonny boy! This is a cool thousand in the pocket of Mr. Stollery. It's a doddle for Swillingford! I'll bet ten to one bar Swillingford! Where's the favourite? It's a million to one on one! The outsider wins, I say! The outsider wins! He leads the field a dozen lengths and only another furlong to go. What a ruddy procession! What a Derby! Then——"

Mr. Stollery's voice dropped, and he steadied himself with his right hand gripping the table.

"Gad! What has happened? Swillingford has pulled up dead short, a furlong from home. The field has passed him. He does not reply to the whip. He is looking round for something. Great Jerusalem! I see it all now! *A man with a cinematograph machine is taking photos near the rails a furlong from home!*"

Mr. Stollery collapsed into the lounge.

"Not another length would that highly sagacious animal go. He had just passed the cinematograph machine, and, for him, the race was over. In *his* brilliant brain he had covered himself with all the necessary cinematographic glory, and, oblivious of the Dashemall Selling Plate and my hundred, had contented himself with once again winning the Bioscope Stakes!"

MY FRIEND THE LABOURER.

A RURAL POWER.

When I think of all that he can do and then compare it with the one or two directions in which I am pleased to think that I excel, I blush with shame at the arrogance and pride that cause his fellow-creatures to exclaim "Only a labourer!"

I had looked upon him and his kind rather as necessary nuisances, dumped down to do the rough and dirty work of the world—work that no other man would touch, even for a fair wage. But lately I have seen him at his work, or rather I should say his works, for they are manifold, and I take my hat off to him out of sheer respect and admiration.

He beats me all round at things that count, for though he cannot perhaps write even an indifferent article like this, he can do numerous other things of much greater value. And indifferent articles never helped to make the world habitable. His work does.

To begin, he has prodigious strength, and, if he had had a mind to, I know he could have taken me by the seat of my trousers, in one hand, and dropped me over the hedge where I first found him at work.

MUSCULAR POWER.

He was down in a ditch, so that when I came upon him I saw first a broad, flat, mighty back; and as he wrestled with the stubborn hawthorn roots his shoulder knots creaked with delight as he pitted his giant, trained strength against the twisted and embedded stumps until, with a muffled thud, they gave in to him—"gave him best."

When he had made a few more yards of hedge look trim and impenetrable to sheep and cattle it was midday, and I sat with him in the shelter of a bush as he ate and talked.

I was curious to know what manner of food this Hercules supported life upon. Surely it must be some specially invigorating diet, I mused. But I was wrong. From his coat pocket he produced two thick slabs of butterless bread, and between it was a slice of bacon, much thinner than the bread—for bacon is a labourer's luxury. These with a knife-of-all-work he proceeded to cut up and eat with obvious enjoyment, rounding off the meal in twenty minutes with a heavy knob of cheese.

LORDING IT.

He carried nothing to drink, but I made a mental note, and learned in casual conversation that his place was on the inner side of the ingle-nook at the "Black Bull" at night and that he seldom missed a call. When "George" was absent work was scarce indeed, for he was, I learned, the best general labourer for miles around, and the envy and secret admiration of his fellows.

From time to time thereafter, during my year's sojourn in "them parts," as George would put it, I came upon him, always hard at work, except when I visited the "Black Bull" for the sheer delight of watching him drink deeply, and of observing the tacit acceptance on his part of the position of "first among his equals."

He had the blue eyes and truly flaxen hair that his county produces, and the glow of health, shaded to rich russet by wind, rain, sun, and his healthy appetite, set off most picturesquely an unusually fine figure of a man.

He was generally reticent about his abilities, though secretly conscious of his value and proud of his accomplishments. One night, however, when the roomy two-handed blue mugs were circulating round the "Black Bull" parlour a little quicker and oftener than usual, I led the way to a discussion upon the qualities that make up the ideal labourer. Every man there had his views, but none would commit himself to a catalogue of all the rural virtues. They knew that George was the man to speak if he only felt in the mood, and that whatever they might say would be capped by something exclusive and final from him.

GEORGE'S OPINIONS.

At length, after a moment or two of pause, and a shifting of feet upon the sanded floor, young Archie (I never knew his surname), the under-gardener up at The Hall, a man rather readier of speech than the rest, "up and spoke."

He thought "as how George there ought to know more nor any on 'em about lab'rin' men's work. P'raps he would tell 'en all about it."

A chorus of approval followed this tactful suggestion, which all hoped would prove a way out of an embarrassing situation.

George thereupon gathered himself together, took a long and exhaustive pull at the mug in front of him, passed his sleeve over his mouth, and reeled off such a list of things that the complete labourer ought to be able to carry out that it nearly took their breath away. Certainly the recital of it took his own away.

ESSENTIAL QUALIFICATIONS.

"If he be a man as is worth his salt," he began, with a sly dig at one or two present who were worth a great deal less, "he must be sober, an' he must never let the sun get up afore 'im, and he must feed his animals afore he feeds hisself. He must know where to strike the first furrow in the field and how to drive it straight, and which way to draw the harrow, and how to manage the reaper, and load a cart, and hoe the turmits, and milk a cow, and kill a pig, and make a fence, and drain a field, and fell a tree, and thin out a plantation, and break a heap o' stones, and do hunnerds o' other things what I can't just now call to mind."

Then, with a second breath, he added, with a twinkle in his eye and a smile about his mouth, "an' if he can snare a rabbit for Sunday's dinner I sha'n't think nought the worse on 'im."

Closing time had arrived, and the village fathers went home to sleep.

E. BARCLAY.

THE DEPILATORY WIG.

Readers of Mr. Barrie's "When a Man's Single" will remember the low-born adventurer who was in the habit of posing very successfully as a gentleman and a man of position, but who was unhappily unable to overcome his weakness for strong-smelling hair-washes.

Certainly there are few men more objectionable than the person who habitually goes about with hair reeking with the methods of barberism.

There are, however, cases when the use of a hair-wash of some sort becomes an absolute necessity.

The barrister, for instance, often finds himself faced with incipient baldness.

This is due to the constant pressure of the wig his profession compels him to wear, than which there is no more effective depilatory.

His hair becomes dry and brittle, and he speedily finds that recourse must be had to some sort of tonic.

SINGING.

A HEALTHY EXERCISE: A SOCIAL ASSET.

We may regard the art of voice culture from two standpoints, both of which are important, viz.:

(1) As a healthy exercise.
(2) As a great social asset.

Let us consider the subject from both sides; and, as a professional teacher and coach who has had many well-known singers to train, I may be able to give you a few useful and important hints.

The control of your breath must be the first consideration, for it is owing to the lack of control that so many fail in their first efforts. Many beginners get an ample amount of breath into the lungs, but fail to control its expiration properly. Now, I will tell you candidly this is *the* great essential if you desire to make any progress with singing. Practise carefully deep-breathing exercises, such as have been described in the valuable articles by Mr. Mitchell.

When singing, remember never to move the shoulders and to keep the muscles of the face and neck perfectly free and loose. Always sing with a free jaw.

Singing demands control of more breath and of different muscles from those used in speaking, so that too much importance cannot be attached to the above cautions.

We now come to singing proper and the production of tone. The following points will greatly help you:

(1) Never sing a louder note than you can *easily* control by your breath, or shouting and not singing will result, followed possibly by hoarseness or loss of voice.

(2) Be perfectly satisfied, at first, with a soft tone properly controlled.

(3) Aim first at *quality*: quantity will follow naturally.

(4) Be perfectly natural in every movement, and do not contort the muscles of the face.

The beginner, as a rule, practises too long at a time. Twenty minutes each day is quite enough until the muscles get used to the work.

Commence by practising long-sustained sounds in the middle part of your voice on *Le*. This throws the tone well forward in the mouth, an important point. Follow this by LO and LAH; then blend the three vowels together, thus: LE-O-AH. This will cultivate a good tone and give you practice in breath control.

Use the *middle* part of your voice only at first, leaving the extreme notes, top and bottom, severely alone. Many good voices are ruined by striving after high notes. Once you have a proper control over your voice the high notes will come all right.

Pay attention to the vowels in all the words; good vowels mean good tone.

Always know the words of your songs well. Nothing is worse than a singer who has to look at his music throughout a song; it often spoils what would otherwise be a good effort.

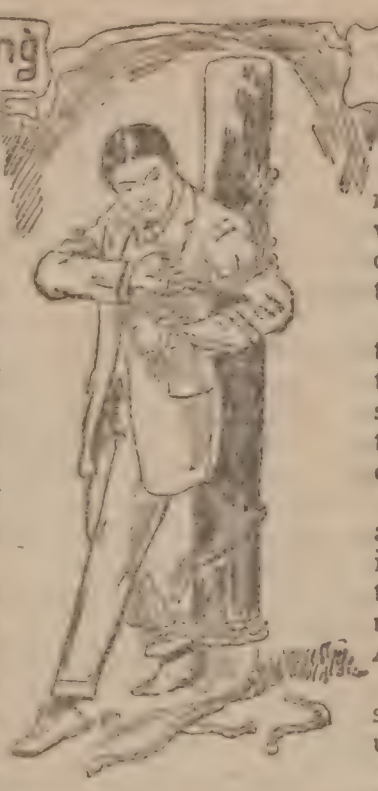
Nervousness is the great drawback to many would-be singers. Conceit and nervousness often go hand in hand. Think of your song and sing to the audience; if you do this and don't think of what your listeners may be thinking of you or your singing, you will soon gain confidence. Audiences are, as a rule, very sympathetic.

How many of us have been amongst friends at parties and other social functions, when things seemed to get tame and slow. Suddenly someone suggests a song with a real good chorus, and the change which takes place is electric. I have camped with the old volunteers, and many an evening have we had a right good time with songs and choruses. The man who can sing is popular at once, and many friends staunch and true are often made at these gatherings. Music knits hearts closer together in bonds of friendship.

In conclusion, do not forget that singing is a noble art, and must be taken up seriously and never trifled with. If you think over carefully the points I have given and practise with care and patience, you will, I am sure, be amply rewarded.

ERNEST WHEATLEY, A.R.C.O.

Breaking Free.



THE CRISIS IN A MAN'S LIFE.

I remember reading in my schooldays about the growing pains of the Red Indian as he broke free from the stigma of boyhood and attained manhood. It was crude, but graphic.

The Indian buck was tied to a post by thongs passed through a sinew in the arm, and there he had to stop until he broke free. The process of severing the sinews must have caused excruciating agony, but never was it known for one to fail, nor did any cry of pain issue from the lips of these men, who deemed stoicism the greatest of the virtues.

Other times, other ways. There are few of us who do not sooner or later attempt to break free from the bonds that bind us in our youth. There are many of us who find the attempt too painful to be continued, and, after the first dose of it, cease struggling. Such men are incomplete all their lives.

This impulse to break free is nothing but a symptom of character. It denotes mental growth. Though the things broken free from are dear in themselves and give pain to lose, they must go. A man must burst his bonds before he can free himself.

It is not a bad plan for a fellow to get in a room now and then, sit down, and have a straight talk as to what things are binding him. Ten to one he will be surprised; even money he will be alarmed.

Breaking away from his own follies or vices, however, is not the only way a man have to break free; he often has to be disentangled from the toils of others. It is with his mother's apron strings.

We make no criticism of the emotions of a mother for her son. The sympathy or love which binds them in the early days is often beneficial and strengthening.

But beyond a certain point apron strings make the weakness of a man. Instead of being outstretched on the rough, main road of life, free, and glorying in the dangers that lie in wait for him, he prances idiotically round the walls of his nursery.

All of us have friends—so called—who, if we don't watch them, will truss us up as surely as a fowl. The chap who is eloquently persuasive that there is no pleasure like that of wine, song, and love is one of them.

A MAN'S HOBBIES.

A man is often bound to a hobby. He thinks of little else, he devotes all his spare time to it, and, as I have said, it would be something of a shock to him to realise that it is but a subtle kind of captivity.

Among the hordes of spectators at a football or cricket match there is a great percentage of men bound by enthusiasm to a certain team or a certain player.

Have a hobby by all means; take interest in sport freely and readily—such things are conducive to manliness. But watch it that you are not a slave to them.

At every period, in every condition of life, this breaking free is necessary, because the trammels are different.

The net of circumstance is constantly being thrown over us, and sometimes the very devil of a struggle is required before we can break free.

Only will know better than an outsider can tell what holds, or threatens to hold, you in thrall. And how vigorous your dislike of fetters the measure of your struggle.

Though no man can be entirely free—for in many ways we are indissolubly bound to the lives of others—it is the things which hamper the better parts of the character that should be broken apart.

Love will bind a man to a woman, and that very unity will double his power to combat his difficulties, and break free from the things which retard him.

The fact to grasp is that now and then we have got to tug and tear, with teeth shut to keep in the cry of pain, so as to break away from whatever threatens to enslave us to our detriment.

Only if we squat on our haunches and philosophise about how unkind it was of inscrutable Fate to make things so hard for us shall we become useless. The cabbage left uncut rots. All inertia means decay.

We have got mental and physical strength, and both are developed by use.

In my opinion it is a jolly good thing we have the opportunity of straining away at what is so determinedly attempting to bind and prison us. Whatever in the world would there be for us to do if everything were easy!

TO WHAT PURPOSE?

The road of life runs through many dark places, and forests at times, and here and there the way is blocked by underbrush. We have got to hack to get through, or stop where we are.

We have got to break our bonds, or remain captives for all time.

The choice is our own.

Which do you prefer?

Those who do break free, scornful of the scars, reach—what?

Quien sabe y quien comprende? Who knows and who cares?

It is not what we shall receive as reward that matters so much. It is that our virile manhood took pride in breaking free from the toils, set there, be it understood, not to enslave us, but to make us worthy to be free.

It was grandly spoken when a man said, "I am the master of my fate . . ."

A. G. STORM.

CORK OR GLASS.

The cork in one's bottle of beer or other liquid is apt to be something of a nuisance.

To begin with, it demands the presence of a corkscrew, and corkscrews, like many other small portable articles, have an inconvenient habit of hiding themselves when they are most wanted.

Even when the corkscrew is found the extraction of a tightly wedged cork is often no easy matter, though it has of course the advantage of giving one's pulling muscles a certain amount of strenuous exercise.

The cork, too, is often rotten, and consequently breaks, and has to be laboriously extracted bit by bit, while one is lucky if a fragment or two does not find its way into the beverage.

After five minutes or so of strenuous toil the would-be drinker often begins to doubt whether the drink is worth the candle.

The remedy is surely obvious. Even now many of the great brewing firms have their bottles fitted with screw stoppers. The screw, however, has one of the great faults of the cork, in that it is often tightly fixed and abominably hard to twist out.

But to the plain, screwless glass stopper, already sometimes used for whisky bottles, no such objection applies. It is easy to pull out, and no corkscrew is required.

There seems to be no sound reason why it should not be universally adopted for sealing purposes. Old association, it is true, has made the popping of the cork a pleasant sound to most of us, but in this instance, as in many others, the sentimental ought surely to be made to stand aside in favour of the practical.

MY BULL PUP.

AN APPRECIATION OF A PAL.

She's only a bull pup, but the best little pal a man ever had. True, she only cost me a couple of quid, and she'll never catch the judge's eye, that's certain!

What of that?

She catches mine every time I look at her, and tumbles over herself in her eagerness to please me. She mayn't be worth a V.H.C. on the bench, but I wouldn't exchange her for a whole row of bally show brutes.

I got her when she was only six weeks old, and she cut her teeth on my watch guard.

Pedigree! Bless you, I didn't bother about it! I wanted a *dog*, not a string of names; a plucky, faithful, honest, staunch little British bull—and I got her for two quid.

A bit brumby to look at, you think? May be. She's got something better than "points" to quarrel over.

She's no fair-weather pal, this bull pup of mine.

We went down the hill together, and when I went up you bet she was at my heels.

Ain't she a judge of character, too? I always liked Brown, and thought him a good sort of chap, but the pup sampled him one day, and he failed to come up to her standard.

Time proved her right, too!

She's got a rare nose for wrong 'uns, and the man who don't like my bull pup don't like me.

There's Smith. He's got some bulls of his own—rare plucked 'uns, too, he says.

But when he set his young champion on mine—why, it was the bull pup who had to be dragged off!

Now Smith says it's my fault that his dog's spirit is so broken that he won't face a rat even.

Ah! she's as game as a pebble, and she's bred right, even if I don't know the names of her grandparents.

A bit quarrelsome? Not she. But if a dog starts first, she can look after herself. She's a Tariff Reformer, and knows that charity begins at home.

She ain't no lady's pet either—hates fussing and petting. Just to lie at my feet or under my chair with one ear cocked—that's what she likes; just to hear me say "Old girl" while she nuzzles a wet nose into my hand—that's all she asks!

There's no need for more—we're pals, and I learnt the deaf and dumb alphabet the day I gave two quid for the bull pup.

She's A1 as a rat-catcher. Just a pounce and a shake, and there you are. Many a day's sport we've had together.

Bless you, the rats enjoyed it as much as we did. They had a run for their money. Just a fighting chance, you know, and the bull pup did the rest.

Yes! she was a bit troublesome with chickens at first—reckoned they were vermin, too; they were not mine either, worse luck!

However, I cured her.

Thrashed her? Never! That bull pup never received a blow in her life. Never will, either. No; I showed her the dead chick and then tied it round her neck for half a day.

My word! of all the miserable, dejected, ashamed dogs, it was that bull pup. She looks the other way now when she comes across fowls.

You're looking at her collar?

Yes, it's as handsome a bulldog collar as money will buy.

Sort of Victoria Cross, you know.

She won it straight.

I was cycling along a lonely country road in the dusk—she was several yards behind—when I punctured.

I was stooping over the machine, and heard and saw nothing, when I suddenly received a stunning blow on the back of my head which sent me flying. A filthy tramp with a hedge stake had done the job.

My gold repeater and loose cash were changing hands with the rapidity of a conjuring trick, when—someone spoke!

It was the bull pup.

P. R. WOOD.

WHERE MEN FORECATHER

XXVII.
ON THE BROADS.

To river-loving men who are acquainted with the Norfolk waterways, I propose to raise the curtain on a joyous scene.

Immediately there appears before them a vision of white yachts curvetting on the dimpling waters where the sunbeams dance, graceful wherries making their way under a mountain of brown sail, and little motor-boats forging merrily ahead, their propellers kicking up cupfuls of spray, and leaving an odour of petrol detested by all yachtsmen, on Broads and sea alike.

Around the expanses of water that are called the Broads are the low-lying, reed-girt marshes of Norfolk; little church towers showing above clumps of trees beyond red-roofed, riverside villages; and windmills here and there dotted on the sky-line. All is so very picturesque and quaint that were it not necessary for most people to go abroad before they can open their eyes, no one need trouble to go to Holland for low-country scenery when we have it a few miles inland from our own East Coast.

The rivers of Norfolk that link the Broads wind tortuously through the marsh-land, and craft, but a short distance away, seem to be literally sailing on land between buttercup- and daisy-carpeted pastures. The brown-sailed wherries and the white sheets of the yachts glide gracefully through Nature's green and sunburnt brown beneath the cloudless blue. The merry laughter of youth rings over the waterways, and there is frolicsome happiness reigning supreme.

THE YACHTSMAN'S VILLAGE.

That, thinly drawn, is the Broadland scenery, the Broadland atmosphere; so let me introduce you to Wroxham, the lively little capital of Broadland. For this is where the majority of cruises start and finish. All waterways lead to Wroxham.

And it is a village where gay Bohemianism is indeed openly flourishing—the sort of Bohemianism that is particular over its toilet.

The train from London roars over the bridge that spans the river, and men tumble out on the station, attired in all sorts of weird garments, lugging bags, fishing rods, patent stoves, and all manner of odds and ends necessary to the culinary department of a yachting expedition.

No one appears to be troubling about anything except the probable whereabouts of their boat.

Men knock around, generally in old tweed Norfolks and flannel "bags," turned up to absurd heights. Arm in arm, you see parties of them roll down the white, dusty road that leads to the bridge, the tassels of their red or blue stocking-caps nodding in the breeze, and large pipes reeking in amity.

THE USEFUL MAN.

It always seems, too, that one luckless member of the crew has to purchase *all* the stores, and you meet him, miserable, alone, and loaded up like an amateur pantechnicon, outside one of the shops. His friends pass him on the way to the cool lawn of the "Horseshoes," and advise him to "look out for his eye" if he forgets one item on the long list that half hangs out of his pocket.

The little village is not without its yachting girls—trimly attired maidens in blue-and-white jerseys—who crowd the little post-office and wave to their parents' substance on picture postcards.

Now the yachting girl is different from the river girl of the Thames. She is usually one of a party on a big pleasure wherry, and being under the eye of a funereal chaperone, she naturally does all she can to enjoy herself as semi-wickedly as possible.

Thus when the bare-headed, finely-built yachtsman from London gives her a passing look of profound admiration in Wroxham's one street, she drops her eyes demurely, then turns her head, and probably winks. Really very indiscreet. But she wouldn't dream of doing any such thing if the aforesaid funereal chaperone allowed her.

Once a Broadland yachtsman, always and for ever a Broadland yachtsman. You may meet men in a boat you occupied for a fortnight yourself last year; so you call across the water and inquire affectionately how the "old tub" is going on, and whether she still continues to carry more whisky than water.

If you were on the "Mayflower," for instance, for some portion of your Broadland existence, you yell out that you are an old "Mayflower" man, and this is as good an introduction as an "old boy's" public school hat-band or tie affords. An evening rendezvous is arranged at some Broadside or riverside inn, and you exchange "experiences."

A FINE TYPE.

But there is no more cheerful or genuine type of the English young man than the "chap" from the city or the big provincial town who goes for a fortnight's yachting on the Broads.

His day starts with an early morning plunge before the river traffic has begun to stir, and he shouts joyously to men preparing for their dip aboard neighbouring boats.

"Buck up, you lazy swabs!"

"Right-o, my bonny boy! Here goes!"

"Sp—lash!"

A man in a monogrammed bathing costume cuts the clear water, and rises, puffing and shaking the water from his eyes, a few yards away.

At such times it is not safe for a friend to swing by on the face of the waters in a light canoe.

"Why the dooce aren't you bathing? Boys, we can't stand this sort of water-funking!"

Someone dives and seizes the nose of the light boat, and, politely, a dozen contrive to upset her, and in the end succeed.

BROWN'S BAGS.

"Curse your silly ideas!" says the man in the water, trying to swim fast in flannel trousers. "By the way, Brown, I borrowed your flannel bags this morning. You don't mind, do you?"

Then the whole thing develops into a sort of duck hunt, amid shrieks of laughter, until an aroma of frying eggs and bacon floats over the waters, and men begin to realise that they want their breakfast.

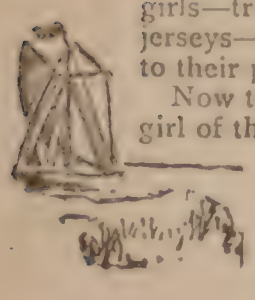
From the moment the last cup of spirit-stove-stewed coffee has been "swigged," the generally-acknowledged "skipper" assumes sway.

His word is law, and his command of genial but torrential abuse is equal to that of an Oxford rowing coach.

Thus does the crew contrive to navigate the yacht around the Broads and waterways of Norfolk, but never quite to the skipper's satisfaction. If he were lax, the craft would soon be lying on the shallows out of the tideway of the Broads.

At night, when the boat is finally moored and the night-covering canvas is tied down, the yachtsman takes his fill of indolence, which he has well earned. Over the moonlit waters you hear the "tonka-tunka-tunk" of the banjos until the last song has died away, and the last protesting groan of a "new chum" seeking to find softness in his bunk is silenced.

"Goo' night, you chaps!" S. B. WORSFOLD.



HAVE YOU FINISHED?

A QUERY OF SOME IMPORT.

There is a good deal more in this questi... strikes the optic at first sight.

For instance, it assumes that you have alre... begun, which is something of a compliment if y... look at it in the right way. Or, if you like, y... can take it as a warning.

There are a good many people in this wo... who never begin anything at all except ... themselves a confounded nuisance from ... cradle to the grave; there are, too, not a few ... have begun certain things in this life which, ... finished, would make them wish it had never be... their lot to tread this queer old planet.

I knew a man once who began the attracti... pastime of backing horses—yes, one meets sc... extraordinary people sometimes!—and he ... on to the finish. A fairly thorough and satisf... finish it was! Friends, position, characte... freedom for seven years—all went, because he ... the knack of finishing off things. But he wo... have been a happier and wiser chap ... remembered that things might finish him.

Ditto with the man who is going the pace ... other directions. "Have you finished?" is ... query that might hit him bang between the ... brows. There is the girl you want, but don't ... want just in the rightest way—well, if you ... plete your intentions there you are making a ... great mistake in imagining that that is the fini... It is but the beginning.

One of the troublesome facts about ... pace—he was an unkind man who called ... to the dogs—is that you could not give a ... the question heading my article, because ... don't know. You think you do, but then, th... one of the rules of the game.

Here's an example of common knowled... "If Never Beat wins this race, I'm chuc... racing for good."

Well, Never Beat belies his name, and ... "go for the gloves." Or the brute even wi... then you think you've struck your vein ... and that you're going through the card. ... finish thinking differently.

Have you finished telling that chestnut ... the lobster and the calf, or whatever part ... yarn it is that you inflict upon your friends e... time you meet them? Slaughter it, old man! ...

Have you finished wondering why Smith is ... a rotter? Give him a rest! Running down ... people is only a roundabout way of brag... about ourselves.

Have you finished believing that England is ... grandest old country in creation, for all ... and that the British Empire stands for free... and justice, that to be a sportsman is to be ... gentleman, that *all* women deserve honour ... respect, and that straight living is the best ... it isn't the easiest?

I wonder whether you have finished trusting ... luck and intend to give your own powers a cha...

There's nothing like doing the latter! It ... been my privilege to meet many men who ha... done it, and one and all had that definite p... sonality which impresses itself on others.

Have you finished with your ideal? Have ... appointments, illusions, or—the cruellest thing ... all—derision torn its filmy texture to shr...

Not you! It is the only ideal that pu... into us. It gives us something to live f... don't, nor do I, intend to finish with it.

And after all, it is the peculiar quality of ... that are valuable to the inner nature of man ... they never reach a finish.

What we all want to do is to set some... going that will continue everlastingly. The fa... of sons who brings them up with an ideal of ... hood in his head to direct him, is as great as ... Likewise with him who fathers good pictu... music or books.

In fact, you can put the question to all ... Have you finished? And with one mighty ... torian yell each will answer "NO," while ... with big aspirations will add, "Finished! ... only just started!"

Which is the spirit of progress.

H. S.

A FOOT SLOGGER STORY.

CORPORAL SMITH: STRATEGIST.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Beneath a sky that alternately [illegible] threatened rain, Corporal [illegible] marched with some ten men under his [illegible]. They were mostly hot, dusty, and tired—nor did [illegible] to say so. Corporal Henry Smith was also hot, dusty, and tired—but he would not have dreamed of "saying so."

Practically he was Captain, Major, Colonel, and Brigadier-General thrown into one on that unhappy little expedition, and when the commander starts to grumble it is considered bad for the young gentlemen under his command.

In ragged formation they marched along the almost chalk-white road that cut through the [illegible] undulating green, with rugged hills kissing the sky beyond. Where a polished stone or [illegible] lay on the roadside it shot back the rays of the sun, and every blade of grass was a tiny heliograph. There were, in fact, even excuses for that section of "D" Company of Nobody's Own, now in charge of Corporal Smith; sternest of disciplinarians, Corporal Smith allowed them none.

The faces of the men who trudged along, their rifles at the slope, were eloquent of a long day of arduous toil. Their boots spoke of a heavy march; their dusty khaki, torn ever so slightly in some [illegible] showed plainly that they had lain in [illegible] ambush. It may be that bad [illegible] had been used.

The Territorial Army is certainly all right so [illegible] its lighter duties, its ordered drills, are concerned. It amuses most young men. Field-days, [illegible] test their capacity for work and their [illegible] of temper. All of which is good for the [illegible] British Terrier. It is the fashion to say he [illegible]. For all that, he is content to preserve a [illegible] belief in himself and let the slackers scoff if they will.

"D" Company had proved themselves excellent [illegible] bearing the pointed sarcasm of South-East London. Now they [illegible] special to [illegible] their annual camp somewhat trying.

Corporal Smith marched on at the head of his [illegible] full of men, serious of aspect, and not a little [illegible]. When the force of circumstance in warfare [illegible] a command of ten rebellious souls, he begins [illegible] to see so slightly what the actuality might [illegible]. The white road wound snake-like through the [illegible] rolling land, and beyond a rise the chimneys [illegible] the club-house of a bankrupt golf club showed.

Corporal Smith turned to his men as he marched [illegible].

"We've got to get as far as that house, anyhow," he said briskly. "Then—please God we get [illegible]—you fellers can have a spell of rest."

"Thanks," said one or two, rather sullenly.

"We were beginnin' to wonder when you'd have had enough of this game."

"Glad you're coming to your senses at last."

"Must think we're condashed Tommy Atkinses!"

These murmurings and much more in lurid monologue arose from the ten good men of "D" Company, who were sweating profusely.

Corporal Smith merely sighed. He feared open mutiny on this, his first independent command, and grumbled inwardly. The Captain of "D" Company had openly hinted that he expected great things of Corporal Smith. Corporal Smith was doing his little best that all might come to pass even as the Captain had desired—that "D" Company should prove a match for "C" Company, also of the 99th Battalion, Nobody's Own.

But "D" Company had not fared well. They had found that "C" Company's outposts were uncommonly well placed. On their belts they had managed to crawl through where opportunity, and *not* a main road, offered. Some had been captured, and [illegible] general formation broken up.

Hence upon scattered groups such as Corporal [illegible] that the fair fame of "D" Company [illegible] upheld. Hence Corporal Smith's anxiety. The men, all first-year fellows, were correspondingly sick of it all. When Territorial work interfered with one's bodily comfort, it seemed to them time to give up Territorial work. Corporal Smith did his level best to correct this erroneous idea.

"I wish," he said, falling into line with the leading file, "that you chaps could only think that it's good old 'D' Company you're backing up—not *me*. Consider me a bloomin' gramophone, if you like, with a record in my innards screwing out all I have to say. That's all I *am* really. You've all got different ideas of conductin' this little campaign, I know. If I had taken the kind advice of all of you, where should we be now? Up the pole, my dear old sporties, up the pole! Eleven of us with eleven different ideas of exactly how these evolutions ought to be gone through ain't precisely the best of tactics on this occasion!

"*Can't* you chaps buck up and give our overworked Sergeant-Instructor some sort of bloomin' credit for months of work and lectures throughout the blessed winter? *Can't* you strike for your plurry hearths and homes, you young devils? *Can't* you think of Captain Fylde, prayin' for the savin' of 'D' Company's regimental soul?"

"*Can't* you shut up?" asked a man in the rear, unkindly. "A Corporal's one thing, Smith, but a plurry Colonel-in-Chief with power to lecture is another. You seem to combine the two. Which *are* you?"

"Less talk in the rear rank there," said Corporal Smith, rising to the occasion swiftly.

Ironical cheers greeted his remark. The men were getting very much out of hand. Still they trudged on wearily, kicking up white clouds of dust as they went.

Corporal Smith dropped his rifle to the "trail arms."

"It begins to strike *me*," he said, "that you chaps don't know what you are here for. D'you think this is a new game of the Government's for wasting the taxpayers' money?"

"No. Our time," observed an alleged wit.

"Less talk in the front rank there," said Corporal Smith, officially. He felt that he had only his stripes to fall back on now. Zealous people are seldom popular.

Also his team required delicate handling, for open mutiny of a kind threatened. One of the privates, William Harden, was clerk in the office of the works in which Corporal Smith was employed in everyday life, and naturally imagined himself a superior being.

"Smithy," observed that gentleman familiarly, "when do you expect to be taken into the firm—as partner? You've got what is commonly called a gift for organisation."

"And a habit of keeping my place when I know precisely what it is. Here, Private Harden, it's the non-commissioned rank, as shown by these stripes—*Corporal* Smith—*not* at your service!"

Private Harden made a noise which may be approximately described as a snort.

"Huh! Y'r Royal 'Ighness!" said Private Harden, sarcastically.

The rank and file echoed the observation with crude, unlovely additions.

"Of course, I don't know about the other gentlemen present," the Private continued, pursuing his advantage; "but *I* advocate gettin' captured as a pleasant way out of the difficulty. We're only a bloomin' forlorn 'ope, *are* we?—and a damn dry 'ope at that. Why, *my* thirst alone is worth quids to a man with a classy taste for champagne—and there's not a drop of (qualified) water left in the bottles either! Besides, it looks like bein' a bloomin' thunderstorm in a minute, and we shall get a regular soaker. This is your blinkin' enthusiasm, Corporal. There! What did I tell yer?"

Above the little grey hills to the west there was a flash, and then a low, unobtrusive rumble.

A hot drop splashed on Private Harden's upturned countenance.

"Best thing we can do," observed Private Harden, "is to cut back to camp over the hills—there's the tops of the tents through there, see?—and give ourselves up somewhere near the canteen!"

"Half a sec," said Corporal Smith, cautiously.

Some figures appeared moving against the dark sky-line over the hills beyond. There was another lurid flash, and it showed up the enemy's reconnoitring party, disappearing over the back of the hills to camp again.

"And that's yer Territorial Army," said Private Harden, sarcastically. "'Fraid of a little rain!"

"But *we* aren't," said Corporal Smith, perceiving the opening. "We can get through to that golf house now, and it'll be dryer, Harden. Double there, men."

A black cloud above them dropped into wreathed festoons, and there was rain—hot, straight, smoking rain that soaked the chalk road. The storm rattled over the valley furiously, and the hot wind drove the rain before it.

Ten men in khaki dashed off into a straggling disordered run, that almost wrenched the heart of Corporal Smith.

But he was thankful for the provident assistance of the storm, which was playing the game into his own hands. They would make the golf house now, unseen, and private inspection had rendered it clear to Corporal Smith some days since, that for an attack on the camp this untenanted place was unrivalled, as it commanded a view of the camp that lay on a sort of table-land between the hills.

"Not that way, you idiots!" he hissed, as the men would have made for the front of the house in clear view of any camp sentries and outposts—that might not be playing cards.

They followed him over a low wall to the back of the deserted club house. The downpour allowed little time for thought. The outer walls afforded no cover whatever from the rain.

Corporal Smith's action was immediate. With the butt of his Lee-Enfield he smashed a pane of glass, undid the catch, and threw up a window.

Then the eleven men of "D" Company tumbled into the one-time smoke-room of the golf club, Corporal Smith leading.

Ten of them occupied themselves in unceremoniously taking the white sheets off the chairs and lounges—but it was Corporal Smith who, parting a dusty red curtain, gazed on the camp through the dip in the hills beyond, and breathed a prayer of thanks to the elements. In spite of Harden, in spite of the various difficulties attending a man commanding his seniors, the glory of this little strategic movement was to be "D" Company's—and incidentally Corporal Smith's!

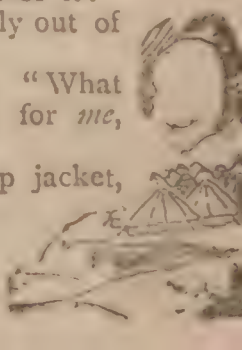
He had but to get his men posted and await the umpire's verdict with confidence. The umpires that day, too, were tacticians of no mean order.

"Thank Gord we're in the dry!" said Private Harden, as he shook the drops from his peaked khaki cap on to the Turkey carpet.

"In the dry! Is that all you think of it?" asked Corporal Smith, still gazing absently out of the window.

"Of course!" said Private Harden. "What more can any man want? This'll do for *me*, thanks!"

Private Harden stripped off his damp jacket,



and, uncovering a lounge, stretched out his legs, comfortably.

"Call me at five," he added, restfully.

Corporal Smith looked round shortly.

"What's your bloomin' game, Harden?" he asked, with certain firmness.

"Misère," said Private Harden, sleepily. "Come on, my bloodthirsty warrior! I'm a damaged 'ero, and don't you forget it."

"You'll be damaged very probably," said Corporal Smith, "if you don't get off that lounge."

"By 'oom?" asked Private Harden, waking up.

"Yours truly," said Corporal Smith. "You know the terms of the Riot Act. You're a Private in the Territorial Army. I'm a Corporal. Hence, you obey my orders, or—"

He stopped expressively.

"I know," said Private Harden. "You'll stand me against the back-yard wall, turn out the guard, and shoot me for disobeyin' my superior h-ossifer! Yah! You take your bloomin' self too seriously, Smithy. I've 'ad about enough of it, I 'ave. I shall resign, Neddy. That's what these people do for decent fellers who join and swell Mr. Haldane's beautiful head. They make sport more like work. So Private Harden resigns."

"They ought to pay *you* a fiver to get rid of you, instead of you havin' to pay a fiver to get out of Nobody's Own," said Corporal Smith, bitterly. "But in the meantime you'll get up. I'm allowin' the other chaps five minutes rest; then the defendin' of this late golfers' house will have to be attended to under Service conditions. Understand?"

"Oh, rats!" said Private Harden, turning over sleepily.

"Two minutes," said Corporal Smith, warningly, and returned to his watch at the window.

Still the white of the tents stuck up against a sky that was black. The thunder rumbled now and then, but the storm was abating.

A beam of sun shot over the plain, pure gold against the black.

"They'll be moving soon," said Corporal Smith to himself—really about the most sensible person he could talk to for the moment.

Then he called to the other men who were lounging about generally.

Feeling rather like a Captain on active service arranging the defence of a house, Corporal Smith posted them at the various windows—all for the benefit of the umpires when they should appear.

"Private Harden," he said, "you're posted here—with *me*."

Private Harden proceeded with his observations on the conduct of the Territorial Army Manœuvres.

"Stow it!" said Corporal Smith, suddenly.

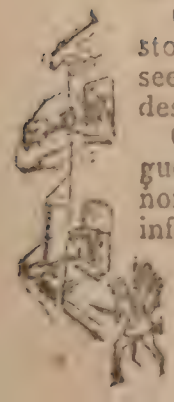
Within a quarter of a minute he had deposited Private Harden on the floor. Then he lifted him up and stood him on his feet, favouring him at the same time with certain elementary points in the conduct of mimic warfare, the most important of which was the fact that the work should be carried on with fifty per cent. more realism than exists in the latest Society novel.

Private Harden at length obeyed, grunting. He held with Corporal Smith a position of great vantage in a window recess. The windows were thrown up, and as the owners of the property might have objected to the prescribed loopholes being picked in the walls, Corporal Smith modified his ordered plans to the extent of open windows only.

Outside, a cool, fresh air was blowing, and a rainbow appeared over to the south.

Beyond the white tents there was a sound of firing.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Corporal Smith, cautiously, "Captain Fylde's company in touch with the enemy's outposts! You stick here, Harden. I'm off to the next floor to have a squint at 'em."



Corporal Smith rubbed the grime from an upper storey window, and peered through, but he could see very little. Still there came the sound of desultory firing, borne clear on the damp air.

Corporal Smith was not the man to rely on vague guessing. It was characteristic of the youthful non-com. not to unduly upset his company by informing them of his plan of action. Wherefore, he slipped out of the back door of the house and stole round over the wet hills, taking cover even from his men in the golf house.

Stealing down into a hollow, he came upon Captain Fylde with his company, damp and bedraggled, but still high-spirited.

He marched up and saluted.

"Why, you're through, Smith!" exclaimed the Captain, delightedly. "We thought you'd been captured years ago."

"Providentially not, sir," observed Corporal Smith.

"Any men left?" asked the Captain.

"Ten," replied the Corporal, indicating the golf house.

"There's not much cover outside there," observed the captain gravely.

"*In*side," Corporal Smith replied briefly.

The Captain looked his non-commissioned officer up and down.

"Where the devil did you get your colossal cheek, Smith?" he asked.

"Begging your pardon, initiative, sir," said the Corporal. "According to the book, this is necessary to a non-com. with a party cut off from the main body."

"Hullo!" The Captain put up his glass. "Lordy, 'C's' main body in considerable force fairly swarming up that hillside! By the holiest of umpires he has fairly finished us!"

"Might I suggest falling back to the golf house, sir," said Corporal Smith rapidly. "Very defensible position, almost impregnable with men at each window—accordin' to *any* umpire's ruling, sir!"

"Give 'em a minute to draw 'em on," said the Captain sagely.

On the crest of the rise, a line of "D" Company men opened fire, replied to hotly beyond the further hillside.

"You fall back to the golf house, at once, Corporal," said the Captain with a satisfied nod, and Corporal Smith crept up the little hill that skirted the golf house again.

He dropped suddenly below a boulder. Another man in khaki was stealing over the ridge to the right.

He grabbed his man by the arm as he was about to turn into the defile that led to the camp.

"Oh, deserting, eh!" said Corporal Smith to Private Harden. "Sneaking back to camp!"

"Well, I was gettin' sick of that slow game in the golf house. You mind your own business, Smithy."

"Corporal Smith, please."

Harden's terse observation that followed brought the faintest tinge to Corporal Smith's cheek.

Then he said two brief words.

"Come on!" He caught the private roughly by the collar-band and arm—an old but effective method of suasion—and ignominously marched him back again.

They came upon Captain Fylde when that worthy officer was conducting a masterly retreat.

"What have we here?" asked the Captain.

"A chap who doesn't quite understand that he's got to put a bit of reality into this war game!" said Corporal Smith between clenched teeth.

There was no time for further explanation, for the ridge of hills beyond broke out into fire, and umpires were appealed to generally.

Then the windows of the golf house replied—and for once the venerable umpires were agreed. Corporal Smith's men, by virtue of their position, scored a big point for covering the retreat. Many exposed "C" Company men were marked off as dead. The day was to "D." They held the position of vantage. Corporal Smith suddenly felt himself lifted off his feet and "chaired" around the big room amid much cheering.

* * * * * * *

In an ante-room behind a locked door Corporal Smith spoke heavily and pleadingly to Captain Fylde.

"I see!" said the Captain—which was precisely the observation the Adjutant made when he signed Private Harden's immediate discharge that night.

The "Remarks" upon that discharge proved pretty reading—to all but Mr.—late Private—Harden—of Nobody's Own.

THE MAN OF MYSTE

THE TRIALS OF A NATURE LOVE

There are mysteries and mysteries, and consideration many of them are found reality not mysteries at all. Such was and it happened in this wise.

Being a man whose feelings are played every mood of Nature, and having f paradise, an undiscovered countryside, practice to run down to—but I will not names since I wish to keep my retreat by too many visitors—to my special cou

Here, many miles from all that smacke and far beyond the reach of luxury and c many hindrances and oppositions, I t and live in the very heart of all th worth living for—the open life of woods and streams.

The people hereabouts are solemn, st to whose toil-blunted minds their surroun only make a mute unconscious appea And to them all, without exception, it is comprehensible that one who, to their un eyes, is blessed with all he wants of thi goods, should come down and dwell am as I do.

Being, as most countrymen are, st fluenced by many superstitions of the sort, and having but the scantiest p imagination, it seems almost natural—n understand them—that they should mak mystery.

I am known to wander far from hom when all "good folk" should be at hom by the fireside discussing their neighbou Squire's lady.

My fancy for this night-walking has co reputation among them. Surely I am with the spirits of evil that roam the land a

When rain comes down in streams they see me start from my cottage door sheltering waterproof overall and carryi stick, and I am at once regarded as a lunatic for doing such things.

My fancy for avoiding beaten tracks a my own way across country, whithersoev has, I am sure, been the ground on name has been coupled with the local wit said to have appeared to certain favoured after dark has fallen. How else but as fabled broomstick could I find my way a turn up unexpectedly in corners of the n hood only frequented during daylight hurdle-maker and the gipsy?

In all their own affairs these folk are hard-headed, and awake to the main ch when it comes to summing up as harm peace-loving a man as ever lived, who ha to have been born among them, well, it different thing.

As I have been sitting with them of an in the village inn, many a hint has been that I should tell them who I am and business is, and why I stay among them like to keep the game up, and shall nev show them why I visit their little worl wouldn't understand if I did.

At first I found it hard to persuade drink beer with me. Possibly among m accomplishments was that of bewitc barrel! But sheer human nature has here to get near to them.

They can also be persuaded to accept sional pipeful of my tobacco, though myself, doesn't find too much favour in t Like the ancient Greeks, I am mistru when I proffer gifts.

It is lucky that I am not unduly sen their none too well-concealed suspicio long since have driven me away. But I tent to dwell among them for the sak surroundings. I am to them "the mystery" around whom they have wove fantastic yarns. And sometimes I regret as I realise how hopeless it would and show them the real reason of my fear the worship of the great god Pan. appeal to them.

H. I

THE SPORTSMAN'S HAPPIEST SEASON.

... dwelling o'er the yellow
... jovial on.—THOMSON.

The fortunate sportsman is ... who is able to welcome each ... season of the year with equal ... pleasure, sure that in every ... he will have opportunity for taking his fill of ... and of throwing himself ... whatever happens to ...

... like the hungry traveller ... the plainest fare is ... and his one anxiety is that there may be ... when there is absolutely ... on.

... must be confessed that ... average sportsman is not of ... retrospective nature. He ... no pleasure in self-analysis, and when thrown ... his own resources he is apt to find that he has ... so accustomed to joining with others in a ... contest that he has lost the power to ... himself.

... feels this absence of a definite object at ... time of the year it is in the last weeks of ... With the approach of autumn the ... man, if ever, grows a little restless, and, ... possibly, even discontented.

He may have had his fill of river work during ... dog-days, and many delightful hours in ... solitude on moor and hill, and by the side ... trout stream, may have been added to his ... ties of pleasure; but he begins to tire at ... for something that will bring him ...

... IN THE MAN.

... rougher part of his nature is asserting ... the brutal element, if you will—and he ... be up and out and killing or hunting.

... is a sign that is good, for it shows that the ... more enervating pursuits have not ... him of his real manhood.

... is something not entirely masculine in a ... ful adherence to the tennis court or the ... punt.

... not wish to be understood to declare that ... players and river-men are not sportsmen of ... but those who are only tennis players ... only river-men seem to me to have missed ... glorious of sport; for tennis and river-... are, after all, rather too suggestive of ... pavilions, and picnics, all very well ... in their way, but hardly the sort of ... an Englishman finds completely ...

... it is, I think, a fact that, if men will ... admit it to themselves, they will find that ... always begin to hanker for something that ... can get their teeth into towards the end of ...

... OF AUTUMN.

... beginning of autumn is in reality the sports-... happiest season.

... warm weather and the various "close sea-... have prevented him from indulging his ... for strenuous exercise.

... country riding and running, football, ... ing—of all these things he has had to deny ... self. But his blood begins to stir with the old ... as soon as autumn returns. He looks to his ... and handles them with itching fingers as he ... forward to an old-fashioned tramp across the ... through a long day, after partridges or ... working hard for and thoroughly earning ... thing that falls to his gun, and enjoying the ... infinitely more than he would if the birds ... down to him.

... thoughts stray on to his horses and the ... informal but delightful morning's "cubbing." ... very thought of turning out with daylight, in ... clear, keen air of an autumn morning, and enjoying a brisk dash across country, and home again before the rest of the world has finished rubbing its eyes, is one that has peculiar attractions to the sportsman who is rather "fed up" with summer's relaxations.

The man whose very life-breath it is to be out and abroad is also moved to sigh for the swirl of the autumn rains, the smell of the fallen leaves, rotting back to Mother Earth again, the boisterous gale, stripping summer's last garments from the trees, and for all the play of wind and rain and storm, the threats of dark clouds, and the tussle with elemental furies.

The bland smiles of summer begin to nauseate the man of grit and spirit, and he answers the call of the country in autumn with a readiness and alacrity that proclaim his keenness.

In six months he can look forward with certainty to as much sport as he can possibly manage to enjoy, and sport, too, whose setting will supply all the varieties of scene and weather and circumstance that add so largely to its primary attractions.

T. W. GARDEN.

TABLOID WISDOM.

A man may be slow and sure, but it's different with a clock.

* * * * * * *

Nothing will make a woman love you so quickly as to find that another girl is setting her cap at you.

* * * * * * *

The man who brags about his loving work usually gets someone else to dig his garden for him.

* * * * * * *

Some people believe only what they see, and keep their eyes shut half the time at that.

* * * * * * *

Poverty is no disgrace, but it's not much of a recommendation either.

* * * * * * *

Success consists largely of finding out early in life the things you can't do.

* * * * * * *

The man who is seen in a fit of passion is allowing himself to be looked at through a microscope.

* * * * * * *

Eccentric is the term we apply to those we can't afford to call idiots.

* * * * * * *

Contentment is better than riches, but there's no objection to having both.

* * * * * * *

When we don't spend money we are economical; when other people don't spend, they're stingy.

* * * * * * *

No man is considered a bore if he is willing to lend money.

* * * * * * *

Opportunities are like fish: the big ones generally break away.

* * * * * * *

Never put off till to-morrow the creditor who will wait till next week.

* * * * * * *

People who don't always say what they think avoid a lot of trouble.

* * * * * * *

Woman is partial to ribbons; you know, she was created from a rib.

* * * * * * *

There's plenty room on top, but even the ground floor is better than being outside.

THRESHING.

A COUNTRY EVENT.

Not until to-day could we say with certainty that summer was a memory and autumn a reality. But to-day there is no doubt about it.

The fields are bare; a tinge of green is just growing up between the stubble rows and taking off the look of newly-shaven soreness that the land assumes after the passing of the reaper. No workers can be seen afield, no horse or wagon bearing loads of corn.

But in their place a sound of other work comes up across the fields.

Very early this morning it broke upon the ear, recalling endless autumns to the mind and bringing with it by far the truest, most convincing note of country life. Some farmer has begun to thresh his corn!

Through the still air and brilliant light comes floating over field and wood the murmur of the thresher, and no sound brings with it such a flood of memories of rural life.

For here is concentrated all the purpose of the spring's activity, the summer's anxious watching, the early autumn gathering; and the sound of the thresher is very sweet.

It comes in waves and gusts upon the wind, now rising to an almost angry roar, fading now into a faint moan, growing once again to a low, sustained booming, steady, never-ending, rising and falling with something of a rhythm, wonderful in any mere machine.

And sometimes when the booming almost dies away to something like a heavy breath, the puffing of the funnel can be heard, laboured and regular and tireless.

There is much to see at threshing time, and as I walk towards the yard where all is activity I can see above the farmstead a trail of dull blue-black smoke showing me the centre of this growing hubbub.

A little nearer and the broad black belt that drives the rattling machinery is seen to quiver and tremble as it passes round and round the broad and shining wheels that keep the trays in constant oscillation, shaking out the grain that pours like golden rain from little openings down below, filling sack after sack and still pouring on.

The distant boom has now become a deafening, drumming buzz. Stifling clouds of dust come puffing from the rattling depths of the machinery.

The long iron fingers of the elevator incessantly catch the straw and the empty ears, and carry them up in billows to the top of the rick, where they are roughly piled for use through winter as bedding for the stock.

Round about the stacks stand a few young sportsmen and a sharp terrier or two.

When a shout goes up from the men feeding the machine with sheaves there is a moment of excitement as a rat comes flopping down on to the ground, and a wild chase ensues, not infrequently ending in the escape of the rat owing to the multitude of the pursuers falling over each other in their eagerness.

Through the live long day the hum and buzz continues, with only a few short breaks for food and drink for the thirsty men.

For threshing is the thirstiest work imaginable. The labourers sweat and toil in clouds of dust and pollen and the shakings of the straw; their throats are parched and irritated, their eyes smart and grow red with rough rubbing, and when the wheat husks and particles of straw begin to work their way into the flesh of neck and chest and arm, adding to the general burden of discomfort, there is every excuse for the demand for compensating draughts of cooling cider.

Only daylight puts a period to the work, for the thresher has to travel over half a county, visiting the farmers in their turn, and seldom staying longer than a day or two in any place.

But with the fall of night the booming ceases; the trays rest from their incessant oscillation, belts are eased, the engine fire is drawn, and the faint, slow hiss of the last escaping steam sounds like a sigh of contentment in the rest that follows the long day's work.

C. EASTON-GREY.

THE DERELICT.

A SKETCH.

It is a little general shop in one of the poorest parts of the East-End. One of those places where you can obtain all the delicacies of poverty, from a fourpence-halfpenny tin of salmon to a farthing bloater, from a box of liver pills to a gumless postage stamp; and between this and the little beerhouse at the corner of the street the man who is the subject of this sketch may be met with.

He is different from the other habitués of these popular resorts—he still wears the frock-coat of respectability, though his linen has long ceased to be immaculate, even if it always exists.

Watch him cross the road and enter the shop. There is something about him which tells you what he once was, without the huckster's greeting.

"Mornin', Doctor."

"Good morning." The old professional manner is quite to the fore now, but beyond the frock-coat and the accent nought remains.

His hair is grey and arranged with some regard for appearances. He was a dandy once. His moustache is trimmed at irregular intervals.

But the face is the face of the derelict, and the hand, as it hovers uncertainly over the wood pile, is no longer the one that counted the pulses of fashionable patients or measured out costly drugs into a minim glass.

He picks up a bundle of wood and goes out to light his fire in some neighbouring attic or cellar.

He has come down step by step. The lucrative practice in Wimpole-street is a dream. The dirty little open surgery in a back street off a slum is almost one likewise.

Then there is an interval, which is not a dream, but a nightmare, a memory which he thinks he has drugged to perpetual slumber, an interval when the frock-coat was superseded by garments that bore the Government hall-mark.

He yielded to a sudden temptation, the one that often assails the medico, but in this instance the knight of the lancet and the pestle and mortar was worsted.

He was not a trustworthy vessel before that—but after—he was a derelict.

How does he live now? He does not live, he simply exists.

Bad? No, only weak and a drunkard, but belonging to a profession where weakness and drunkenness are criminal.

Clever, for he had a string of letters after his name, and a brilliant college career to look back at; but all he has to look forward to is a pauper grave.

His relations long ago cast him off. No one in the quarter where he lingers knows his name; he is simply "Doctor."

To some of the denizens of this locality he is truly as much the Doctor as that picture of Luke Fildes. Once or twice he has played his old rôle of the healer. A child with croup in the same tenement, an infant in convulsions, and he has come upon the scene in the nick of time and, bringing all his old skill to bear, he has battled with the grim foe disease, and thereby has earned the gratitude of father and mother.

And because of that there are always those who will stand him a drink at the little beerhouse at the corner, and the huckster lets the few things he needs run up on the slate. Someone will pay the score if the Doctor doesn't—if not, he will write across the total "for the child's sake," and so cancel it.

Then he goes across the road with neither hope nor aim, unsteady of foot, blear of vision.

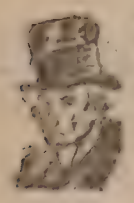
Few can realise what a grand craft it was when it first put out to sea, looking at it now a hopeless derelict. Drifting—drifting—drifting.

Whither?

God knows.

But maybe the great Master Shipbuilder, in his vast dry docks on the other side of the ocean of Death, will be able to repair the damage, and to refit for service in other ports, on other seas, that which on this side is only a derelict.

G. BULCRAIG.



MY NOTEBOOK.

CONTRASTS.

I have, I suppose, exceptional opportunities for the study of human nature, for in my daily postbag are letters from men of all classes and of all types, and I wish I had the talent to make better use of those opportunities which are presented to me.

There lie before me, at the present moment, two letters which illustrate two very different types of character. I shall reproduce them for your inspection without the names of the writers, for I do not care to force publicity upon anyone.

AN HONEST SIMPLE CHAP.

"Dear Sir," says the first writer,

"I should like to call you Chum, but that is a liberty perhaps you would not like me to take, for though, like you, I am a Territorial, our stations in private life are far apart; but I should like to say a few words to you, having, in my humble way, a great admiration for a man who sticks up for his regiment or corps like you do.

"And I can assure you I shall always, as you advise, play the game and remember my duty.

"I hope you won't laugh at my letter, for I admit I am no scholar, but I want you to think of me, not as a scholar, but as a man.

"You ask for photos of any Terrier taken in Camp. I would like to know if you would accept one of mine taken at Salisbury this year; if so, I should only be too pleased to forward you one at once, and be accounted one of your chums.

"Hoping you will excuse me taking the liberty of writing you, and at the same time wishing you and your bright and sensible paper the success it deserves—

"I beg to remain your sincere well-wisher,

"Private —— ——,

"4th Royal Fusiliers, City of London Regiment."

That, unquestionably, is a man's letter, and I read it with great pleasure. The only thing I have to find fault with in it is that the writer appears to stand rather in awe of me as an Editor. I have written to him, however, and I imagine that this barrier will effectually be broken down by the letter I sent him, and that we shall become very good pals.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

The next letter arrived with the same post, and I shall not express my opinion of the writer till you have had an opportunity of reading what he says.

"Dear Chappie," he begins,

"It is a beastly bother writing letters. I don't know why it struck me to write you.

"I am sixteen, and studying at Clark's College, which is not very far from your office. One of these days when I feel like it, I shall drop in and see you.

"Don't you think 'Richard Selby' has run long enough? You had better finish him off before I get tired of him. And I don't think much of your Physical Culture page; physical culture is a played-out idea.

"There are other things about your paper I don't like, but these will do meantime.

"I am at Eastbourne just now. You can write me either here or at Croydon.

"Ta-ta, dear chappie,—Yours truly,

"—— ——."

MY OWN OPINION.

I imagine that you have already come to a decision in regard to this correspondent, and it is perhaps unnecessary for me to give my own opinion, as it probably coincides with yours.

I do not have many readers of his age, but I have a few, and very fine promising youngsters they mostly are, but I do not think he is very promising.

The very form of address, "Dear Chappie," gives him away. It is something that he has read in a comic paper as being the form of greeting commonly used by one Piccadilly Johnnie to another, and he employs it in his desire to pose as such.

How very different is the phrase "My Dear Old Chap," which is as hearty as you could wish for. I like it very much, and many of my readers [illegible] kind enough to indicate that they have admit[ted] me to their friendship by using this phrase wh[en] they write to me. I often use it too.

But this little wretch who calls people "D[ear] Chappie"—ugh!

His objection to "Richard Selby" and t[he] Physical Culture page also shows pretty well [the] way this youth is drifting.

I think that you will understand, and that [you] will forgive me when I say that I have not re[ad] to his letter; I am at this moment tearing it i[nto] small pieces and dropping it into my w[aste-paper] basket.

I do not want him to call on me, for I do [not] want to know him. He is obviously a bounder [in] embryo.

How different this type of person is from [the] genuine hearty chap who wrote the first letter. I am now privileged with the friendship of ma[ny] like Private —— ——. There are men like h[im] of all classes and of all ages. They are diffe[rent] in details of appearance and character, [but] have one thing in common—they are [all] men, and to shake them by the hand is a p[leas]ure worth experiencing.

THE LONGING FOR PUBLICITY.

Some contributors enclose [a] with manuscripts which they [ad]mit, and some do not. Occasi[on]ally the letter serves a use[ful] purpose, but not very often.

Usually when a man sends you a letter with a contribution, especially if it is a long letter, [you] can hazard a shrewd guess that his stuff is [not] worth very much. A good story or a good ar[ticle] speaks for itself, and the presence of a letter [in] the envelope seems to be almost a tacit admiss[ion] on the part of the writer that the stuff needs so[me] recommendation.

Not infrequently the letters suggest that [you] should publish the manuscript free of charge, [as] all the author requires is to have publicity gi[ven] to his thoughts.

EVERYTHING IS PAID FOR.

I have never inserted in THE MODERN MAN any contribut[ion] which has not been paid for. In some cases the authors are, to my own kn[owledge] men to whom the payment is a matter of s[light] importance, but that is none of my business; if they care to give away in charity the money they make by writing, they can do so. But in any case I pay them.

Personal friends of my own have requested to publish their work, and that without req[uiring] any remuneration. But they have invariably my heart to be of steel to such a proposal. I set aside each week so much money for contributions, and I am perfectly willing to [pay] out. My one thought is to get the right [stuff], that is not always a simple matter.

WHAT MEN SHOULD WRITE FOR.

I am more than a little [surprised] that people should be so anxious to write articles and stories for the love of the thing. I think it was Johnson who said that no man but a fool wrote for anything except money. For my part, I know that it was the desire for money induced me to adopt the profession of [author]. As the years have sped past, I have done little writing, except these rambling notes and articles to my friends and readers. My whole time is occupied in the organisation and editing of this paper; writing in itself fascinates me not a little, probably because I'm no hand at it.

I do not believe that any Editor has ever given more encouragement to new writers than I have done, and it is by this means that I have made my paper what it is. I am always more than willing to consider the work of new writers, but I want the stuff of men who are out to make [their] mark, not men who are writing for vanity or [anything] else.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE JOBMASTER'S STRING.

SOME EQUINE TYPES.

It is a swell place that I have in my mind's eye, and the jobmaster wears immaculate breeches and boots, and a most correctly cut coat, and looks the ideal horseman.

As for his horses, he turns them out perfectly groomed, and they don't look like hired hacks. It is for you to find out why their previous owners parted with them.

Now there is Barberry, as pretty a little roan mare as you are likely to meet with, but one day, when you are out with your best girl, and are just going to say something extra neat, lo! Barberry dodges behind a cart, and you lose the thread, and your best girl laughs.

The little roan mare does this several times during your ride. Barberry is an inveterate shyer.

Then there is Consul, a powerful black horse, ... a picture as he goes along the level, quite a mystery when he comes to the uphill road—makes nearly as much noise as a motor.

"... touched in his wind more than a little," we say.

"Maybe," admits the groom, but the jobmaster disdains to say anything.

There is Mogul, a yellow beast with an ugly temper. He indulges in every trick known to equine ingenuity to unseat a rider in the stable-yard, seems to be possessed of a devil for the first part of our ride, and cannot be kicked home faster than a walk.

Then there is The Cyclone—once ran in the Oaks—a big, raking chestnut, with the racer's nasty habit of throwing up her head and catching the luckless rider in the eye or on the chin if he doesn't watch out. In a canter she is a delight, but her favourite pace is a jog-trot, which plays the dickens with one's temper.

There is also Patience, probably so named because her rider needs a large stock of that particular virtue.

The Commodore is a little brown horse, with ... spirit other than that engendered by oats and Sunday's rest, for he capers and dances out of the sheer joy of living, according to the groom.

But he is only in demand by those who don't object to a display of horsemanship in the public streets, and are not afraid of dogs running at The Commodore's heels or the hoot of a passing motor. Those who are, wait until more intrepid horsemen have taken it out of him, and the end of the week is near.

This reminds me that if you do want a fresh bit of horse-flesh, Monday is the day to hire, for the horses are well rested and lively after their Sunday inactivity.

But the Commodore is pretty fresh every day of the week.

He is just a bit of a roarer, to explain his ... in the jobmaster's stables, but a nice little ... all the same.

There are a few old crocks besides, but these are for learners.

There's Sarah, whose age is mythical. She has a pleasing habit of crossing her legs and tumbling down gently.

Pansy is another. She is dear to the heart of ... the tyro because she is so safe.

... this neighbourhood they don't turn their old ... out to grass: they let the jobmaster have ... instead. Some of them are a shade more than dummies, and that's about all.

But stay. There is one other worthy of mention, and that is Silverwing, the easiest and best little "lepper" that ever went over a fence. ... endeared to me by memories of my first ... up.

He used to give a funny little squeal before he ... the leap.

I think his home had once been in barracks. The jobmaster said he had even been in action—but he ... on occasions.

I never found out why he got hold of Silverwing. I only know he put a fancy price on ...

A. M. STEWART.

HOW MANY WERE THERE?

His eyes were sparkling and his breath came in short, excited gasps as he burst into his mother's sitting-room and threw his cap on the table.

He had just been to see the medical officer of the local Territorial regiment, and the interview had been a matter of great moment to him at least.

"Mother," he said, "they've taken me on! I'm a full-blown trooper!"

His mother laid aside her book and looked at him with a gravity becoming such good tidings.

"John," she said, "you're very lucky, but don't let your good fortune make you hard-hearted. Remember and be kind to all those who are under your command."

WHY FORTUNE SMILED.

Fortune smiled upon them, and yet they were poor.

But Fortune couldn't help it.

They were a pair of spooning lovers, and they were so funny that Fortune couldn't keep her face straight. Neither could the little boy who was peeping at them through the hedge.

A BIASSED OPINION.

"Football is a splendid game," said the first man. "It does twice as much for the nation as all the other pastimes put together. It benefits trade and it has a hundred and one other advantages."

"Then," said the second man, "I suppose you're a professional player?"

"No," said the first man, "I'm a surgeon."

THE BRUTE.

The captain grasped a marlinspike, weighed his anchor, spliced his main brace, and did a good many more things that captains in funny stories always do, but the names of which we forget for the moment.

"Another point a-port!" he shouted, scowling at the man at the wheel, and quite forgetting that nobody has any business to speak to the man at the wheel.

The old lady who was taking her first trip, whispered in the ear of the old gentleman who was with her.

"These sailors do drink," she said. "That's the third he's called for within five minutes."

LAYING IT TO HEART.

Somebody had given little Tommy a book on etiquette, by way of a birthday present, and, somehow or other, a thing happened which you would not have expected—Tommy read it.

Most of it he forgot promptly, but some stuck to him.

One day his little sister was about to open the door. Tommy seized her by the hair and dragged her back.

"You silly, ignorant little beast!" he said, "haven't you got any manners? Don't you know that it's the gentleman's place to open the door for a lady?"

CHANGES IN GAMES.

HOW THEY HAVE BEEN BROUGHT ABOUT.

From time to time there arises in the world of games a player whose genius for a game, or some particular stroke in it, is so overpowering that in the interests of the game and less gifted players the authorities are compelled to bar, or at least to handicap, the phenomenon.

Billiards furnishes, perhaps, the most conspicuous examples of this sort of thing. W. J. Peall's extraordinary skill at the spot-stroke led to the abolition of that method of scoring, for, apart from his supremacy at billiards "spot in," the monotony of the spot-stroke was rapidly killing billiards—at least, professional billiards.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that Peall took to the spot-stroke more as a matter of necessity than from any realisation of its possibilities. A very short man, he found that in playing all-round strokes he was frequently obliged to use the rest, to the detriment, naturally, of his play, and so he took to the spot as a stroke that best suited his physical limitations.

The miracles that John Roberts and other "pros" were able to work with the "push" stroke resulted in its abolition.

Then, of recent times, W. Lovejoy's discovery of the cradle or kiss-cannon position, the wonder of which, like that of many simple inventions, was that nobody had thought of it before, resulted in yet another alteration of the rules, and now a player must not make more than twenty-five ball-to-ball cannons.

Probably the next revolution in billiards will be the abolition or limitation of the "top of the table" game, which H. W. Stevenson has reduced almost to the same automatic certainty that Peall made of the spot-stroke.

Turning to other games, Association football furnishes at least one instance of a player's too pronounced skill calling for legislation. It was in the days when a player throwing in the ball from touch was allowed to run up to the touch-line, and a Sunderland man, whose name, unfortunately, slips me for the moment, could throw the ball such a distance, and with such precision, that a throw-in was as good as a free-kick to his side. The authorities interfered, and nowadays it is impossible for a player to throw the ball very far.

Mr. Harry Vassall's Oxford team in the eighties revolutionised the Rugby game, for up to that time passing and combination between the backs had been practically unknown, and the new methods of the Oxonians enabled them to carry everything before them.

Then the Welshmen further revolutionised Rugby by introducing heeling-out and the four three-quarter system, while more recently the New Zealanders awakened us to the possibilities of the "lock forward" in the scrum, the five-eighths back, and, above all, forwards who could not only shove, but run and pass like backs.

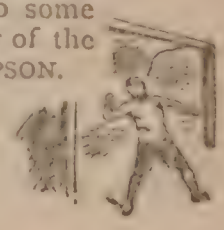
In cricket the pad play of the Notts men resulted in the alteration of the l.b.w. rule; while men like Mr. G. L. Jessop and G. H. Hirst demonstrated the possibilities of the "pull," which, before their advent, was regarded as a heretical stroke. Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet with his "googlies" revolutionised bowling methods and theories, and Mr. McBlackham, the Australian, as the first wicketkeeper to "stand up" to fast bowling, changed all our ideas of "keeping."

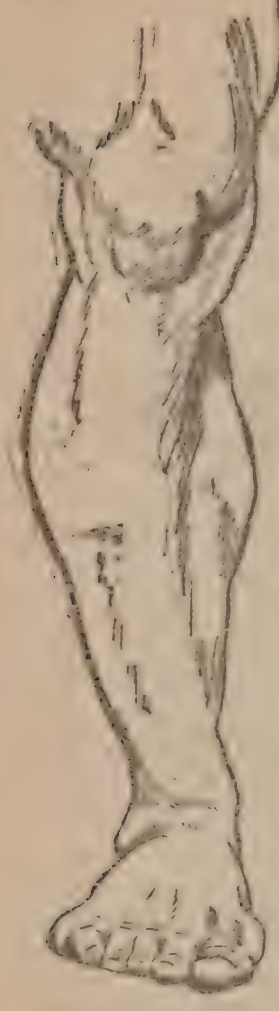
To mention a sport instead of a game, Tod Sloan revolutionised race-riding, for to-day his monkey-on-a-stick seat is generally adopted among our jockeys.

Polo has seen many changes since the days when it was a mêlée, every man striving for himself, and devil take the hindmost, and Captain E. D. Miller's Rugby team were the pioneers of the modern passing and combination game.

I do not know who was the daring revolutionary who first used an iron club at golf (perhaps some reader can oblige), but he unquestionably revolutionised the royal and ancient game, as to some extent in more recent days did the inventor of the rubber-cored ball.

D. S. HAMPSON.





RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

BREATHING.

One of the best and simplest breathing exercises I know is one which you can practise at any time while you are walking either in the city or in the country.

Inhale deeply while you take six steps, and exhale as deeply while you take the next six.

The inhaling ought to be done through the nose, for that entrance to the lungs is longer than by the throat, and consequently the dust that is floating in the atmosphere has a better chance of being caught and prevented from doing damage. You can exhale through your nose or your mouth as you please.

I am reminded here of the fact that there are many who consider that deep breathing should not be indulged in except in the country. Their argument is that the atmosphere of the town is tainted, and that one should not take into the lungs more of it than is required.

It is scarcely necessary for me to point out to the scientific student of physical culture the fallacy of any such argument. City air is bad, but it is not poisonous. It merely lacks the ozone of the country.

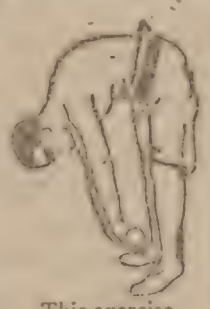
I hold that the city clerk who makes a practice of breathing deeply will acquire as robust health as the countryman who breathes only with the top of his lungs. The ideal, of course, is to breathe in the country air and to breathe it deeply, but ideals are things to be dreamt of and seldom to be realised.

Therefore, let me urge every city worker to practise deep breathing at all times, in the street, or in the office, or on the tramcar.

The human body is a marvel in its capacity for adaptation, and the lungs educate themselves into extracting all the good there may be in the air supplied to them. The great thing is to give them plenty of it, to send it down to them in quantity, and to send it to their remotest recesses; and it is by deep breathing and by that alone that this object can be accomplished.

TO SUPPLE THE BACK.

Stand at attention, with your hands in front of you. Now slide the hands down the front of the thighs till they reach the ankles and finally the toes. Do it very slowly, and when the toes are reached pause for a moment; then raise yourself so that the hands slide back over the feet and up the thighs till they regain their former position.



This exercise improves the carriage.

When you have practised this exercise for some time, you will find it a simple matter to touch your toes with the tips of your fingers; to make it harder, close the fists and touch the toes with the knuckles. If you prefer to do so, you may use dumb-bells while doing this exercise.

We are most of us familiar with the older exercise, where you stretch the arms above the head and swing from the waist till the toes are touched by the fingers. That exercise is very good for the joints at the waist and for the muscles of the back, but the one I have given here goes further. It brings into action every joint in the spine, for the bending is not done from the waist only but from the shoulders as well.

In this exercise you must keep your arms perfectly straight all the time, and it is not advisable to make the muscles of them tense. The exercise is for the back, and the arms should be allowed to hang quite limply.

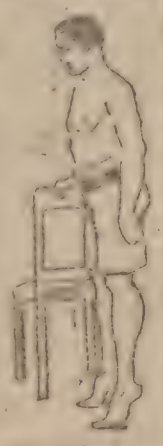
Remember also to keep the knees perfectly rigid all the time.

FEET AND LEGS TOGETHER.

Stand so that your right hip comes against the back of a chair. Grasp the top bar of the chair lightly with your right hand, and allow your left to hang by your side.

Now raise yourself on your toes and stand in this position while you count twenty.

Do not let the chair interfere with the good the exercise would otherwise do you. I do not want you to rest your weight on it, or in any other way to use it as a means for letting you escape the brunt of the exercise. The chair is simply to help you to keep your balance, and when you have practised the exercise for some time, you will be able to dispense with the chair altogether.



Don't lean on the chair.

This exercise is an improvement upon a more familiar one—that of rising up and down on the toes. That exercise also is excellent, but it has the fault of being rather uninteresting.

This one, on the other hand, keeps your mind fixed on the muscles, because an actual and sustained effort is required to remain for twenty seconds on the toes, whereas rising up and down becomes merely a mechanical motion.

I know of nothing better than this exercise for the feet. It rapidly straightens out bent and distorted toes, besides strengthening the ankles and the calves.

PHYSICAL CULTURE AS A CAREER.

Physical culture is a capital thing for everybody, and there are few now who will deny it. Most of us are satisfied with making ourselves physically fit, but there are some who find so much pleasure in physical exercises that they wish to make physical culture their life's work.

There are two ways in which this may be done. One is to become a professional athlete, weight-lifter, or wrestler, and to secure engagements on the music-hall stage. Such a career, however, is most uncertain, and a man does not last long at it.

The other way of making physical culture a means of livelihood is to become a teacher of it. It is not so easy to teach as one might suppose. It is all very well to be able to do exercises oneself, but to get others to do them correctly is a matter of some difficulty.

I have recently had the pleasure of reading Professor Inch's special course of instruction to those who contemplate making the teaching of physical culture their profession. Professor Inch has long been known as one of the most successful teachers in London, or indeed throughout the country, and no one is better qualified to show others how to make a success in the same line. Anyone who contemplates making physical culture his profession will be well advised to write to Professor Inch about the matter. His address is The Broadway, Fulham, London, S.W.

A WRIST EXERCISE.

Grasp your right wrist with your left hand as shown in the sketch. Now tense every muscle in your right arm and close your fist hard. Next open it very slowly, keeping all the muscles at tension, and close it again gripping as if you held something in your hand which you were trying to crush. Throughout this exercise, keep the left hand upon the right wrist, gripping it sufficiently as to feel the muscles.

It is an incentive to further tension when you feel the muscles going hard beneath your fingers. Every movement of the right wrist is perceived by the left hand, and your mind is therefore kept concentrated upon the muscles that are in action.

This, like all other [illegible] may be repeated indefinitely, for there is no danger of strain involved. As a general rule it will be sufficient to repeat it twenty or thirty times. When you have finished with the right wrist, exercise the left in the same manner.

I have further wrist exercises which I shall give from time to time. I have already given several because this joint requires special attention, it being one of most difficult in the whole body to develop satisfactorily.

AIR AND WATER.

In the building up of muscle we require [illegible] things; a plentiful supply of good food is an absolute necessity, but it is not generally realised that we also need a large amount of air and a large amount of water.

A large proportion of the human body is composed of water, and for the increase in our muscular equipment, therefore, we require to supply this need.

Drink at least three glassfuls of pure, cold water each day, preferably one in the morning, another at midday, and the third at night.

To gulp down cold water is injurious to a delicate stomach, and therefore it should always be sipped slowly, so that it may be warmed as it passes down the throat, and may thus be brought nearer to the temperature of the body.

Common-sense will tell you not to drink cold water while you are sweating, for when the body is heated you may start inflammation by the sudden shock of the cold draught.

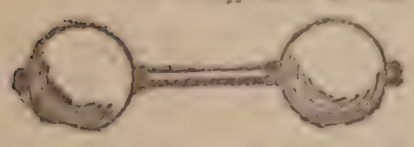
As for air, it is essential that the man who desires rapid physical development should sleep with his windows opened as widely as possible.

This does not mean that you should sleep in a draught, for that can easily be obviated by not placing your bed where the current of air can strike it directly. Don't have it between the window and the door.

Free Physical Culture Schools for Inch Students.

The Inch Institute of Physical Directors are now offering well-appointed and fully equipped schools of Physical Culture throughout Britain to such students as will write for or personally direct a school. :: It is not necessary for the student to lay down a penny piece—the school is fitted at the entire risk and expense of the Inch Institute, who take all responsibility for the Physical Culture apparatus on the very simple lines explained in the new book, "A School for Every Inch Student." :: Beyond the above, the Institute advertises each new school, and gives valuable and [illegible] tous advice to each school proprietor. :: Of course [illegible] is done to advertise the Inch Institute. :: Send at once for Free Books: "Be a Physical Culture Expert," and "A School for Every Inch Student," and learn how to grasp the greatest ambition a physical culturist can have—to be a Physical Culture Expert.

T. INCH, The Inch Institute of Physical Directors (Dept. M.M.), The Broadway, Fulham, London, S.W.



Oatine
FOR MEN.

The **Oatine Preparations** include several of special interest to men—notably **Oatine Shaving Stick** and **Oatine Shaving Cream.** When it is remembered how the process of Shaving lays bare the pores of the skin, it will be appreciated that the soothing, healing virtues of **Oatine** make it very desirable for the double purpose of use in shaving (in the form of **Oatine Shaving Stick** or **Cream**) and after shaving (in the form of **Oatine Face Cream**). Even if the **Soap** or **Cream** alone be used, the use of the razor will not irritate or roughen the skin. A free and delightfully fragrant lather is yielded in abundance, which achieves the double purpose of assisting an easy shave and protecting the skin. We are confident that a single trial of the **Oatine Shaving Soap** will ensure its entire adoption.

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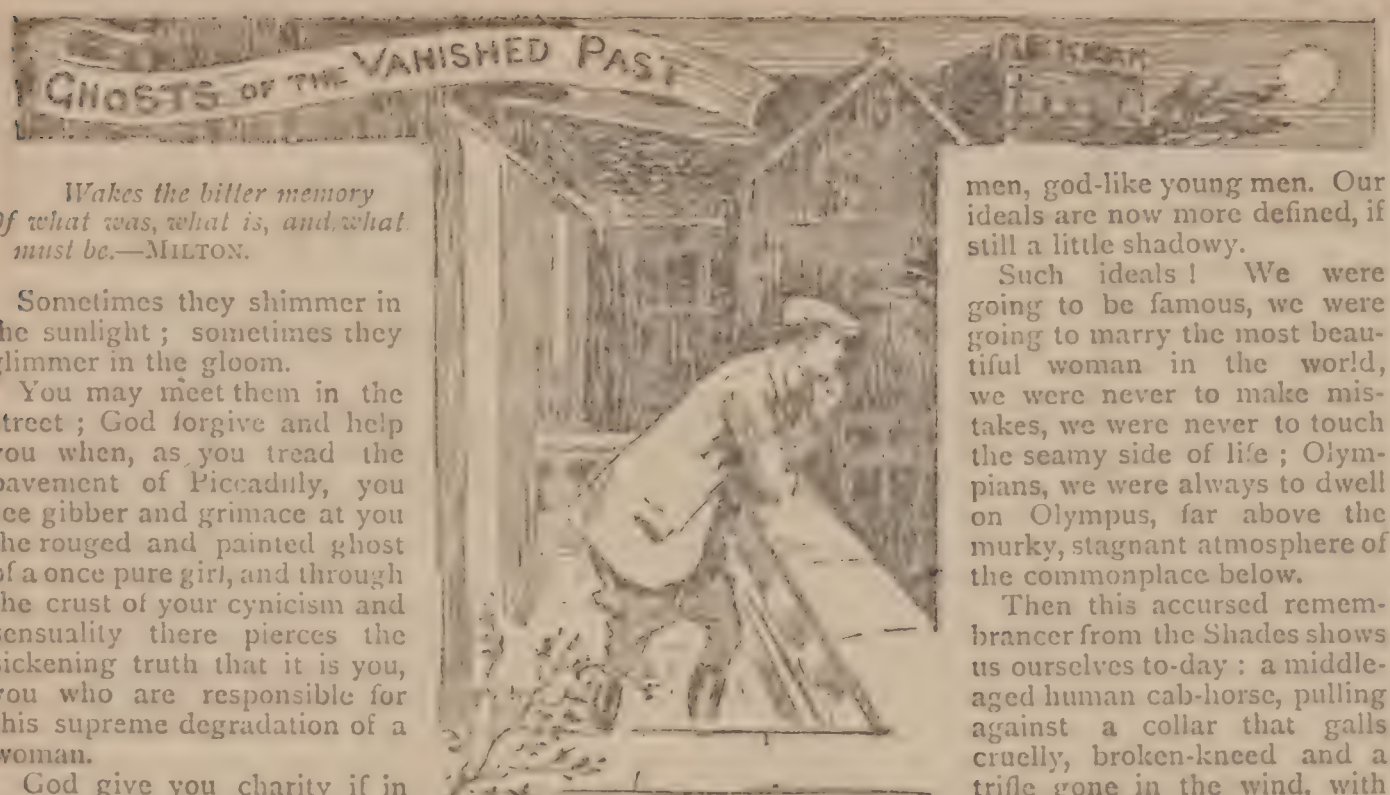
Signed.....

Address .....

* Please cross out sizes not required. .....



Wakes the bitter memory
Of what was, what is, and what must be.—MILTON.

Sometimes they shimmer in the sunlight; sometimes they glimmer in the gloom.

You may meet them in the street; God forgive and help you when, as you tread the pavement of Piccadilly, you see gibber and grimace at you the rouged and painted ghost of a once pure girl, and through the crust of your cynicism and sensuality there pierces the sickening truth that it is you, you who are responsible for this supreme degradation of a woman.

God give you charity if in your walks abroad you chance upon the ghost of what was once a man and a friend. Aye, a man and a right good fellow, this ragged, pallid trembling wreck. And again God forgive and help you if it were you who withheld a helping hand, who wrapped yourself in a tawdry mantle of worldly wisdom and cheap maxims, when a little human kindness, some small amount of self-sacrifice, would have saved this travesty of what was once a man.

The devil help you if, as you swagger past in the heyday of your so-called "success," a word so prostituted as to mean in most cases the consummation of roguery, you meet the ghosts of men and women whom you have tricked and swindled, of fellow-creatures whom you have thrust aside and pushed down in your rogue's march to an ignoble goal.

IN THE MIDNIGHT SILENCE.

The ghosts of the day, however, may be banished. A good dinner, reflection on the comfortable fact that society and the law are ever down on those who are down, as your victims are, ever with the successful cheat, and the ghosts that stalk in the sunshine vanish and are forgotten—for a little while.

For they return in the silent watches of the night, when there is no policeman to cow them, none to keep them at bay, when you are alone with your conscience and your ghosts.

And they punish remorselessly.

Sometimes they are ugly ghosts, such as I have instanced, the accusing shapes of those whom we have wronged. A dread and dreadful company. But we are not all blackguards; we are not all haunted by the horrid phantoms that destroy the rest and torture the mind of the seducer, the swindler, and the sinner of cardinal sins.

But there are two ghosts which no man can escape; the ghost of what might have been, and its twin, the ghost of himself.

THE GHOST OF "IF."

"What might have been"; the saddest words in the English tongue. This is a talkative ghost, a confoundedly talkative ghost, this accusatory spectre of what might have been. "If you had only done so-and-so," "if only you had not done this-and-that"—if—if—if—he is all if's—confound him!

I loathe him. So do we all, but we can't get away from him, this relentless chronicler of our mistakes and failures, with his maddening chant of "what might have been if——."

His companion demon illustrates his lecture with pictures which we had much rather not look at.

He shows us ourselves as bright, manly youngsters—worshipping the game of cricket and the wholesome gospel of "cricket," full of ideals in our small way and full of immense potentialities for good or ill.

Then he shows us ourselves grown older—young men, god-like young men. Our ideals are now more defined, if still a little shadowy.

Such ideals! We were going to be famous, we were going to marry the most beautiful woman in the world, we were never to make mistakes, we were never to touch the seamy side of life; Olympians, we were always to dwell on Olympus, far above the murky, stagnant atmosphere of the commonplace below.

Then this accursed rembrancer from the Shades shows us ourselves to-day: a middle-aged human cab-horse, pulling against a collar that galls cruelly, broken-kneed and a trifle gone in the wind, with nothing to look forward to save pulling, pulling against that hard and rubbing collar. Oh Lord, the difference between ourselves to-day and our ghosts as young men!

HORRORS OF THE PAST.

But we are lucky if the unfeeling operator does not show us pictures ten times uglier—pictures that make us shudder and turn sick; dreadful exhibits that make us squirm from top to toe and bury our heads under the bedclothes.

The ghosts of "what might have been" and of ourselves can be exorcised. Say to the former, "I don't care a tinker's curse for what might have been; it's what's going to be that interests me," and he will flee. Tell the latter that, though you may be bald and middle-aged, and groggy in the knees, and shorter of breath than you used to be, and that, although you had much rather have been an eighteen-carat, jewelled-in-every-hole celebrity of one sort or another, yet you have done your duty, and by the living jingo you mean to go on doing it to the bitter end, and the ghost who seeks to make you discontented with your lot will clear out pretty sharp.

He must be got rid of, for he spoils all chance of progress.

Of course, you have got to be sincere when you are letting these ghosts have it. You can't humbug ghosts any more than you can humbug children.

FORMER FRIENDS.

So far I have written of unpleasant ghosts; but are there none that come to cheer and comfort us in our sleepless hours? Of course there are. Ghosts of lost friends, of dead-and-gone loved ones. Don't misunderstand me. I don't mean ghosts in the ordinary acceptance of the term, affrighting things in winding-sheets and so on.

But have you never felt that some lost one was very near to you—that you could almost see them and hear their voice?

> O, for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!

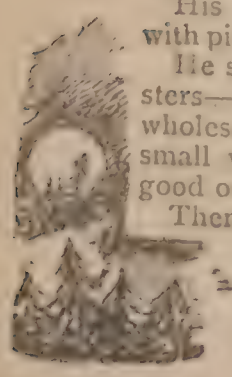
sang Tennyson; and sometimes, I think, we realise the poet's aspiration.

There is not sufficient evidence as yet to show that a spirit can actually appear to a living person; still, we believe in the immortality of the soul, and sometimes it seems to me that ghosts do come back invisibly to one, that we are conscious of their presence, and that in the long watches of the night we may haply commune with the dead.

But that is getting away from the subject of a man's ghosts. We all have them, if we are worth anything. Face them: that is the way to exorcise them.

> I held it truth, with him who sings
> To one clear harp, in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

NORMAN FRASER.



MY £1 A WEEK.

A LONDON CLERK'S EXPERIMENT

There used to be a comic song, of which the refrain—I write from memory—ran something like this:

Why did I leave my little back room in Bloomsbury?
Where I could live on a pound a week in luxury?

Or words to that effect. What it was that drew the fortunate possessor of 20s. a week and a back room from his secluded retreat, I do not remember, but it need not have been anything of a startling allurement, for life on £1 a week in Bloomsbury is not all beer and skittles.

But there must be many men who are in my very position, and it is always interesting to see how the two ends of the weekly exchequer are made to meet. A long course of 30s. a week tends to make a man suspicious of the felicity that declares that he lives within £1 a week, but it is being done. I am doing it, and I know many others who are doing it.

Before I put it down in black and white, penny for penny, I should like to assure the preacher of thrift that I am sinful enough not to save even a penny a week. True, according to my budget I have one penny a week left after paying my way, but this sum, huge as it is, in "goes," and it is the only sum for which I always account satisfactorily.

Let me assure the demons of thrift, however, that I do not waste it in riotous living.

Here is the table of expenses taken at random from the last few months. It is an actual week's expenditure:

	£ s. d.
Bedroom rent	5 0
Breakfasts, at 6d. a day for *six* days	3 0
Dinners, at 9d. a day for seven days	5 3
Week-day Lunch, at 7d. a day	3 1
'Bus and tram fares	1 0
Washing	0 0
2oz. tobacco and cigarette papers	0 0
Sunday newspaper	0 0

The penny may be left to take care of itself, but a few words of explanation are necessary to clear up some obscurities in the rest of the account.

I have what the landlady calls a "plain breakfast"—coffee, bread and butter and [illegible] all *ad lib*. On Sundays I have no breakfast, making up for its absence by a long lie in bed and a few hours with a Sunday paper, which is the last item on my list.

As to dinner, I bargain with my landlady to give me a meal of whatever is going when I reach home in the evening, and so long as I do not insist on luxuries, such as steak or hot roast beef, I am fairly well fed in this respect. On Sundays I take my dinner at midday, which helps to make up for the absence of breakfast on that day.

When at business I keep within 7d. for lunch. With care and inquiry one can get hunger for 7d. at any of the popular refreshment houses.

Fares at 1s. entail a good deal of walking, which, however, is excellent exercise. After experimenting I find that by making my own cigarettes I can spread 2oz. of tobacco over the week, with care. And there you are.

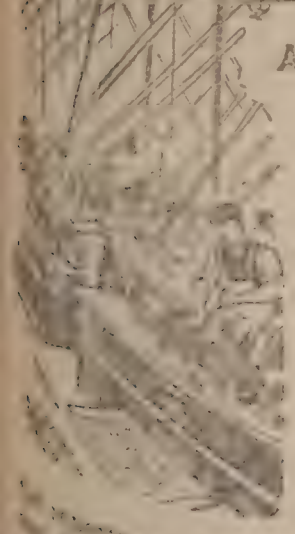
There are many things which I find it impossible to do with such a wage. I cannot clothe myself, I can save nothing for holidays.

Moreover, I have no reason to suppose that the £1 a week régime will continue for ever, and am hopeful. Fortunately, I am able, every now and then, to make anything from 4s. to 11s. in overtime or extra office work. This, however, is not a certainty, and I cannot depend upon it, but it is [illegible] enough to enable me to keep a decent pair of trousers on my legs, and to have at least a pound shot in my locker for a great emergency.

I have managed to get along for a year on this sum, and am expecting to have to do so for a further six months. Then, in all probability, I shall begin the 30s. régime and shall fold up the present struggle.

E. R. S.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FEELING THE PULSE.

The successful business man develops what I should almost be justified in calling a sixth sense. It is his ability to feel the pulse of things.

He feels the pulse of the world's markets by [illegible] in to him by his various agents, [illegible] of the foreign news in the [illegible] also the more delicate faculty [illegible] the pulse of the people and the circumstanding him.

[illegible] an example.

[illegible] day I wanted to find out a certain [illegible] a man. I asked him to lunch with [illegible] at a suitable moment I approached the [illegible] which I desired information.

[illegible] judiciously, for he is no novice in [illegible]. I observed his eyes harden [illegible] and I saw that, if I pressed the [illegible], I should make him suspicious, and [illegible] be refused the information I [illegible]uld probably lose his confidence [illegible].

[illegible] I glided off the subject as delicately [illegible] approached it. His expression returned [illegible] condition, and once again I had his [illegible]. In fact, I do not believe that he [illegible] resident at all for my dropping it [illegible] allayed his latent suspicion from [illegible].

[illegible] particular instance, I frankly accepted [illegible] that I wanted that information, but I saw that the man from whom I expected to get it was on guard. It was therefore much better for me to let the matter drop. Without his knowledge I felt his pulse, and saved myself from making a [illegible] *faux pas*.

[illegible] information the same day from another [illegible], but that does not concern the present [illegible]ation.

[illegible] employee who is going to be successful [illegible] to understand how to feel the pulse of his [illegible]yer. There are many employers who never, [illegible] seldom, reprimand those who work under [illegible]. Instead they bottle up their various [illegible]ces, and eventually there comes a dismissal. [illegible] do not think their plan is a wise one, for employees are but human, and occasionally, when [illegible] have a tendency to slack, a properly worded [illegible] will bring them back to their former good [illegible]. But although I do not approve of this [illegible] method of dealing with employees, I must [illegible] that it is a fairly common one, and if [illegible] are working under such an employer, it is [illegible]y for you to be able to feel his pulse.

[illegible] cannot tell you how to do it. The whole [illegible]culty is a gift rather than an acquirement. You [illegible]ther by feeling towards you from his expression, [illegible] of his voice and such minor details.

[illegible] diagnosing a man's attitude, you have [illegible] caution as well as observation. An employer may be more curt than usual, and you may [illegible] from this that you have lost favour in his [illegible] and yet it need not be so. Possibly his [illegible] is concentrated on other matters. Whether [illegible] care or not, is left for you and you [illegible] to decide. You have to feel his mental [illegible].

[illegible] employer has just as much need to feel the [illegible] of his employees.

[illegible] and instinct combined show him [illegible] interests are not being properly attended [illegible], when there is slacking going on, and so forth.

He also feels, almost by instinct, any disaffection amongst his helpers. Long before any organised protest or petition reaches him he has perceived that it was coming; if he be wise he will redress the grievance and prevent its arrival.

When dealing with your equals in business the faculty of feeling their pulse is just as necessary.

You are interviewing a man, and something shows you that his interest is giving out and that he is not attending to what you say, although he is still pretending to do so. It is instinct that shows you his attitude; it is common-sense that prompts you to bring the interview to an end.

The feeling of the public pulse is another problem that faces the man of business. If it be his object to cater to fashion, he knows pretty accurately how long a novelty will remain in vogue, and therefore if it is worth while stocking heavily. He must make it his study to know his public; if he fails to learn the lesson he cannot hope for success.

To return once more to the employee, he needs this faculty in large measure when he is looking for work or when he contemplates a change.

When a reckless employee tires of a place he gives notice, trusting that something equally good will turn up; and then he eats his heart out for six months looking for a fresh appointment, eventually taking one, perhaps, with worse conditions and smaller salary than his last. He who is going to make money, on the other hand, does not take any such step unless success is reasonably sure.

He has long since been feeling the pulse of his own trade or profession. He knows exactly his worth and what he is likely to fetch in the labour market; he knows also the state of employment in his own line of business. Therefore it is that he leaves different places only to better himself and never seems to fall down between the two stools, much to the amazement of those less observant, who put his success down, of course, to sheer luck.

The ability to feel the pulse of trade, or of people, comes partly from close observation and study of definite facts, but to a very large extent it is due also to intense human sympathy. If you possess that, you can put yourself in another man's place and thereby read his thoughts.

This form of sympathy, or at least of understanding, is frequently to be met with in the world of commerce, in spite of the hard exterior which some business men assume, often for their own protection.

WORK IN THE COUNTRY.

I have received several inquiries from readers who are desirous of giving up their work in town and adopting some sort of agricultural career.

In the ordinary way I should say to these men that they should leave well alone, for there is misery in the country as well as in the town, not perhaps the misery of poverty, but to the townsmen there is generally the misery of dulness.

Besides, the average town worker—if he be an indoor worker—is not fitted for the hard physical toil that would be required of him on a farm.

I have known of actual cases where a man has thrown up a good post in London to take up farming, only to return disappointed after a month or two, and to beg any sort of work from his previous employer.

I state this because I think it right that anyone intending to adopt an agricultural career should be fully cognisant of the seamy side of the life.

On the other hand, however, there are certain city workers whom I should certainly advise to seek a livelihood on the land.

If a young chap has an ardent liking for country life, good muscles on him, and a stout heart, and if he is in a position in the city which is wholly void in the matter of prospects, I should advise him to pack his belongings in a handbag and try his luck in the country.

Let him, however, look facts in the face. In various papers we have been given details of the wages of the agricultural labourer, and the young man from the city is apt to base his plans upon receiving such an amount. He will not get it, for his work during his first few months will not be worth more than his board.

He must, therefore, satisfy himself if by advertising he can find a farmer who will employ him on those terms, giving him tuition in the work of the fields in return for his keep. For pocket money he must rely upon what savings he has brought with him from the city.

Intellectually he will be likely to stagnate.

Newspapers are not delivered daily at every farm, and unless he can afford to buy all the books he wants, his reading propensities are likely to go ungratified, for the farmer's stock of books, even if it be placed at his service, will generally be found both scanty and out of date.

But it must be remembered that it is not usually the intellectual man whose heart hankers after farm work.

He who cares but little for books will not be conscious of their absence.

The young man who knows how to face difficulties, and whose heart is really in the country, will at least be happy in the life, but there are even good prospects for him in a money way.

The smartness which has been infused into him during his life in the town will place him head and shoulders above his fellow labourers, and, though it may not enhance his popularity with them, it will generally be appreciated by the farmer who employs him, and eventually some sort of working partnership may even be hoped for.

There you have the bright side, but before you allow your eyes to rest upon it too ardently, I advise you to return to the beginning of this paragraph and study once more the shadows.

INFLUENCE.

Influence is and is not of value in business. In looking for a new post, for example, influence may help you under certain circumstances, as in getting a Government appointment; but in the ordinary way of business, influence will merely secure you a hearing.

By influence you may obtain an interview with your prospective employer; but it is the method in which you conduct that interview that will secure you the post.

To look at things from the business man's point of view, and not merely from the employee's, is often of considerable value. It is true that a man will not pay a higher price for an article in order to oblige a friend; but he may be induced to transfer his orders from one house to another, provided the prices are the same, and it is by influence that such a transference is generally managed.

The way to obtain influential friends is to join various social and athletic clubs in which you will meet the men engaged in your line of business; but be careful that you do not allow this courting of influential acquaintances to take up too much of your time.

OVERSTOCKED JOBS.

I am more than tired of warning different readers who request me to tell them how to become sanitary inspectors, or excise officers, or stewards on board ship. These are but three of the trades which are very much overstocked.

The training required for them is not great, and thus they have been exploited by various advertisers, whose announcements are deceptive in that they lead the public to believe there are vacancies where there are none.

For all these three trades, and there are many others, there are long lists of waiting candidates for every appointment before it falls vacant.

I have no belief in a man changing his trade, except under very special circumstances, but if he must change it, let him adopt something where he has a reasonable chance of employment, and not one of those callings which are already more than full up.

Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XXVI.

A DOUBLE GAME.

The servant brought a card into the study, and Mr. Derwood's quick glance from it to the clock was significant of surprise.

Nevertheless, the alacrity with which he got to his feet and went himself to the front door, proved that his visitor was welcome and not altogether unexpected.

"You've been sharp," he said, extending a hand.

"So—so," replied the other, removing his glove in a leisurely manner and then taking the hand. "There was a boat right away, but I had a matter of ninety-two minutes to wait in Liverpool for a train down."

"Minutes!" echoed Derwood with a laugh. "You Yankees are great because you realise time. We don't keep count here like that."

"I once lost thirty thousand dollars in one minute an' a half," said the visitor indifferently, removing a great-coat and revealing himself clothed in the loose-fitting, comfortable suit, steel-grey in colour, that so many Americans affect.

"Have you dined?"

"Yes, thanks, in the train."

"Poor fare they give you, don't they?"

"I didn't observe," said the grey-clad man, who had now removed a muffler and a travelling cap.

"Ah, I forgot!" said Derwood, laughing again, so evidently well-pleased to see his visitor that everything he said was diverting. "Another symptom of the time-saving mania! Come along this way," he added, preceding him to the study. "If you had wired arrival I would gladly have met you, but I suppose that again you would have deemed waste of time. Take that chair! Whisky?"

"And fizz-water. Thanks! Not too much distiller. Say, you understand what home is over here."

The stranger stared round openly.

"Comfortable, you think?"

"So—so. Apt to rust your machinery. Anyhow, let's get going."

The visitor was tall, but so broad and burly that he looked no more than middle height. Clean-shaven, with dust-coloured hair, a short, straight nose, a strong unscrupulous mouth, and grey eyes of astonishing alertness, he looked the epitome of the modern successful American.

One incongruity was his habit of slow speech and leisurely movements, both, probably, studied in order to give an impression of deliberateness, which his mind did not possess. But the alert eyes betrayed him.

"Fire away," said Derwood, offering him a cigar, and waited patiently while he bit off and expectorated the end of it, and puffed strong clouds of smoke out with an air of supreme satisfaction.

It was when he spoke that he made up for lost time. He never used a superfluous word in matters of business.

"Got your cable answer to mine of 20th," he said. "Went to see the patentee of this new pattern chain-moulder and got the option of holding the rights for Europe for one hundred thousand dollars. That suit?"

Derwood thought before replying.

"Twenty thousand pounds is a big sum," he said, doubtfully.

"No cause to buy unless you like."

"Is it worth it? Wait—I want your frank opinion. I don't ask what you're making out of the deal"—there was no answering smile on the cool-looking face opposite—"but from a business point of view, I want to know. Is that chain-making machine, or the English rights of it, worth this hundred thousand dollars? You said in your first letter it was a clever, economical, and reliable method. You gave figures which, if backed up, would allow me to introduce it here with a fair chance of knocking out my rivals."

Derwood took a pull at his cigar and resumed with careful unconcern.

"It happens that there's a certain firm in Moulden that it would suit me to knock out—but, of course, openly and above board."

"Ah!" said the visitor, still impassive.

"But—please understand this clearly—the features claimed for this machine must be absolutely *bona-fide*. I decline to sink such a slice of capital in it otherwise. In fact, were it not for—um——"

"The rival," suggested the visitor.

"Well, I admit you're right. Many of the other works of importance are already controlled by me; if not in person, they are controlled financially. If I acquire this machine I can almost immediately set eight works to make chain by the new process. I can undersell my rival. I can probably within a few years capture the whole chain-producing business in the country."

"For a hundred thousand dollars," said the visitor slowly, and it might almost have been that he considered the amount far out of proportion to the benefits likely to accrue. And the alert eyes narrowed, in case they should give a hint of his thoughts.

"But I must be convinced that it is genuine," Derwood went on. "I'll be candid, and tell you why. I am already losing money in the chain-trade. I have had to divert capital from my rolling mills that I can ill spare in order to continue the control I have managed to obtain, but I cannot afford to do so any longer. I must either be able to hold the market absolutely or—I must back out, having lost a considerable fortune."

"And the rival bars the way?"

"Candidly, yes."

"He's already got a machine that gives him a monopoly, eh?"

Derwood nodded, and drank so that the hate consuming him might not be perceived.

"What's his name?"

Derwood hesitated a bare second, then answered: "Richard Selby."

"Got any idea of his capital?" asked the other, and there was no hesitation shown by him, though the name he had scored indelibly on his mind.

"What d'you want to know for?" asked Derwood, with sudden suspicion.

"You must know the strength you've got to break," replied the other, "or you'll get chipped yourself."

"I can't form an idea. Maybe ten thousand, maybe double."

"No more?" The visitor uncrossed his legs and settled himself more comfortably. His eyelids drooped still lower. He was debating at lightning speed which it would pay him best to negotiate with. "What's his strength, then?"

"Himself."

"Ah!" The grey eyes were open and interested now. He had made his decision. As with most Americans, he saw greater fortune in brains than a heavy bank-balance. He must see this Richard Selby first. "Well, to answer your questions. Is the machine worth the dollars? It is, sir, or I shouldn't be here talking. As for my share of the deal, I'm your New York agent, and watch your interests like a lynx. Then 'nuff said. You commissioned me to put the States through a sieve to find a chain-moulder. I've found it. ... a hundred thousand dollars. I take ... share in European profits——"

"You'll do nothing of the kind."

"The option's in my name," was the reply. "J. T. Dean's handling this deal, you ... The two men gazed across the hearthrug ... silence, and recognised a schemer.

"Go on," said Derwood.

"One-fourth share," repeated the Americ... if he liked the sound of it. "That's reaso... if you find the dollars to run it. But I ... few things want appreciating first. I m... this rival's machine and size up the w... against it. If his is better—well, the ... in my hanging around these shores. ... home. If it isn't, we take up the option an... a machine across right slick."

"I should prefer to reverse the proceed... interrupted Derwood. "We see the ... beforehand and test it. If I'm satisf... then, and not till then, will I take up t...

"Better, for certain," agreed J. T. ... evident admiration. "To-morrow I'll see ... this——"

"Selby. But can you manage it? If he ... you come from me——"

The visitor laughed.

"Say!" he protested. "I'm a carrier of ... 'long with my luggage. It don't stay at h... bet. What shall I do? Easy. I'm ... Amurrican rights for *his* machine—see? ... what I'm over for. And I guarantee I ... right through, nut to boiler, before I buy."

He removed his cigar and drank.

"That's so," he added. "Meanwhile, ... can get a list of his customers, the figures ... to them respectively, how much he's ... bank, in fact, his full assets, liabilities, and ... it might be useful for *us* when we ... flattening him."

"Gad! if I only could!" exclaimed D... with abrupt venom.

"Easy. He's got clurks, hasn't he? ... find a top-notch billet for his cash... Then when we make a plant we might ... his men to run our machines—dollars ag... only want showing to talk—and advertise ... out this plot of land that Derwood, Dean ... are going to stretch a chain rig... earth."

He flung away the stump of his ... yawned.

"Guess I'm tired," he said. "Pe... morning I'll have found a way of bo... right through our friend Selby."

"Dean," said Derwood, warmly, "it s... you're the man to do it if anybody can."

"You bet," agreed the American.

II.

During the night J. T. Dean's plan u... some modification.

He would not pose as a prospective ... of Richard's rights for the States, for th... reason that if he did so, and was refused, ... be practically impossible to propose sel... afterwards the rights of the American ... That would be a lame sort of somer... reflected.

He would see him, get the measure of ... according to his impressions, dete... actions. J. T. Dean had great fa... intuitions and initiative.

When his name was announced to ... a clerk, Richard sent word he wou... presently.

The door closed again, and he in... secretary.

"Know that name, Graill?" he aske...

"Derwood's American agent."

"Exactly. You've a good memory. ... as though the trouble we took to find o... could about Derwood's business affairs ... prove useful. I've been waiting for a ... This will be it."

"Perhaps he's fallen out with D... wants a similar post from you."

"Perhaps. But acting on assumptions is a risky game. He'll soon say so if that's it."

He touched a bell.

The American's first sight of Richard was enough for him. He decided even while he shook hands that here was a man who could be tricked only by apparent straightforwardness.

Briefly he explained how that his purpose was to sell an American chain-making machine which, he believed, was destined to create a new era in the trade.

He suggested cleverly that he had come to Richard as being the most progressive manufacturer in Moulden, as also the man whom the new departure was likely to affect more acutely than anybody.

Within a few minutes he had given convincing testimony that ruin was inevitable to all competitors if his process of production was adopted. He used all the eloquent descriptive power that had made his nationality so unrivalled as commercial salesmen.

Richard was obviously impressed, and asked many questions, whose searching character was hidden beneath a quiet air of interest.

He was shown plans and blue prints, after being briefly informed that full patents had already been taken out in this country. They displayed a machine which, if it could fulfil all that could be claimed for it, was certainly justification for the somewhat grandiloquent statements Dean was making.

There was no name or number on the papers revealing the identity of the patentee—a careful omission not missed by Richard—though J. T. Dean asserted they were his own.

Dean made his proposals, and Richard listened to them without sign as to whether they were tempting or not, and he went away with the assurance that Richard would think it over.

"Where shall I find you?" asked Richard, "in case I want to communicate."

"Grange," replied Dean instantly, and he went away to that hotel and engaged a room before Richard had telephoned to say he was coming there.

When he arrived. Probably a cabby will know you. If you learn nothing, try Bagley first. Possibly he got off there. I want to know whether he's seen Derwood before me. Half a minute! Just find me Lawson's reports from the works for the last few months."

When Graill had gone he searched the typewritten pages and at length, finding what he wanted, he sat reading rapidly.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," he muttered, "thirty thousand pounds, and a half profits! My gad! What a cheek! I wonder if he's playing me off against Derwood."

Then something else he thought raised a momentary smile to his face, though the eyes were still hard.

"Back last night, did he?" he said to Graill presently. "I thought as much. Now, just listen carefully for a bit. I think I begin to see daylight."

He spoke slowly and in the subdued tones

"It might be the wrong tack," he said, "but it's worth trying. Now, drop a line to-night's post and tell him I shall be glad to see him the day after to-morrow and go thoroughly into the matter. Mention that to-morrow I shall be away in London."

Two days later, at the appointed time, J. T. Dean was managed to persuade Derwood that it was unwise to take further steps until he had had the opportunity of seeing Richard's machine, called at Richard's works, but learned that Richard had not yet returned from London. He was asked to repeat the call upon the next day.

He did so, and received a similar request as to the morrow.

The suspicion he had that something was doing of which he knew nothing deepened into certainty when, again, the subsequent day he was informed that Richard still had not returned. Derwood, he was becoming impatient.

It was Graill who saw Dean on this occasion and he was affable apology to the life.

"I've had a wire from him," he explained, picking up the paper from his desk, "he says it's impossible to get back to-day, and asks me to wire what hour it will suit you for him to see you to-morrow."

"I'm a man who counts time in dollars," snapped Dean. "I'll see him at twelve to-morrow, and say, I don't give him another chance. I'm back to New York on Saturday. If he'd been any brand of cuteness I should have caught the boat to-day."

"One moment!" said Graill, answering the call of a boy who put his head round the door.

Dean looked round with a swift darting glance; then he stepped across lightly, and picked up the telegram lying on the desk.

"Damnation!" he muttered, looked at his watch, caught up his hat and went off like a shot.

"See here," he exclaimed, pushing his way past a clerk and entering Derwood's private office. "We're bamboozled! Selby must have got wind of our game, and he's bolted to New York to get hold of the patentee before we close. Look at that!"

He thrust a telegram into Derwood's hand, who read:

"'Just going aboard Adriatic. At all costs keep Dean gulled for a week. Say I'm ill.—Selby.'"

"But you hold the option," said Derwood, looking up with a startled face.

"Option! Pish! We're only to be outbid a thousand or two for the option to be worth nothing but spill paper. Fortunate we've heard, by gosh! We must cable."

Derwood spoke hoarsely.

"Yes, right away. Now! Accept, and we'll have a machine over here and running almost as soon as he's back. Damn him! We've got ahead of him this time. He'll have a sick hour when he knows."

"Right now, as you say," said Dean, and he hastened to the post-office, feeling infinitely thankful that between the two he had not missed making the deal altogether.

The Saturday following he returned to New York to attend to the details of concluding the business.

The Monday following, Derwood met Richard Selby face to face in the main street of Moulden, and reeled as if he had encountered a ghost.

"What the devil!" he managed to utter.

"What's up, Derwood?" said Richard. "And what's become of your friend Dean? He and I were working to do some business together, but his price was too high; in fact, he wanted to sell me a machine for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which was offered my American agent for thirty thousand not six weeks ago. Besides," he added, "the machine's comparatively useless. So long!"

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—ED.]

INDIVIDUALITY.

THE NEED FOR IT IN SPORT AND LIFE.

When we say of a man that he has a striking individuality, we usually mean one of two things—either that his appearance or his character is out of the common.

The man who dresses in an eccentric style, however, is not necessarily a man of strong individuality. As often as not, he is a commonplace person who, but for the oddness of his attire, would pass unnoticed in a crowd.

The man of real individuality of appearance is he who by the sheer power or distinction of his face and bearing cannot fail to attract attention.

Similarly, because a man is loud-voiced, domineering, blustering, it by no means follows that he has individuality. Like the eccentric clothes, the attention-attracting manner is often assumed to hide a weak and uncertain nature.

The man who has real individuality is usually quiet and self-contained. He knows his own mind, goes his own way, and achieves results by his own methods.

He is not indifferent to advice or experience; he can profit by observation and the counsel of others, but he works things out on his own lines.

In short, I should define as the true individualist—leaving aside the term as opposed to collectivist—the man who makes the best possible use of his natural powers and gifts.

The whole tendency of the present day is to repress the individualist, whereas he should be encouraged, because it is the individualist who "does things."

Thousands of men fail to attain any skill at sport or games, and, therefore, never really enjoy their pastimes, because they will follow stereotyped methods or model themselves on champions. It is a good thing when taking up a new sport or game to get some lessons from a "professor," be he amateur or professional, but beware of going to a great champion.

The champion has won his position because he is an individualist, and it is scarcely in human nature that he should refrain from impressing his individuality on yours, to the detriment of the latter.

He will say, in effect: "Behold, this is the way, the only way to do it; now copy me." The good teacher, on the other hand, shows you the result to be striven for, and tells you to try to achieve it.

By the former method you become and remain an imitator, never using your own peculiar powers; under the latter system you learn for yourself how you personally can best arrive at the desired result, and thus you learn to use your individuality.

Take cricket, for instance, and Mr. G. L. Jessop. He is not a great individualist because he adopts a peculiar attitude at the wicket. He is individual because his attitude enables him to hit the ball with the greatest certainty and force. Jessop's methods would be mere useless eccentricity if they failed to produce the best results.

Mr. Knox, the Surrey bowler, is another individualist, not because of the antics—if the word may pass—he indulges in when delivering the ball, but because they are necessary to enable him to bowl his best; they are the expression of his physical individuality.

The individualist is, above all things, an experimenter. He sees the result to be achieved, and he says to himself, not so-and-so does it this way, or so-and-so that way, but, how can *I* best do this? and he experiments until he finds out the way that best suits him, that is, which gives the maximum of result for the minimum of effort.

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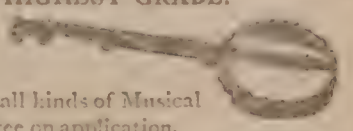

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FOR THE UNIFORM.

A MATTER OF MOMENT TO THE TERRITORIAL FORCE.

[*Should a Territorial wear his uniform during his leisure time?*

The question is of more than passing interest, owing to the recent edict of a Commanding Officer, that his men were not to wear their uniforms except when actually going to or returning from drill.

Personally, I consider that a uniform is the finest dress a man can wear, and I believe that the habit—now very usual in London—of Territorials wearing their uniforms for their evening walk and so forth, has a most beneficial effect on recruiting.

I have pleasure in presenting to you the following article dealing with the subject. It is by Mr. Frank Scudamore, the celebrated war correspondent.—EDITOR.]

REGULARS AS WELL.

There is a question—and a vital one—in connection with the Territorial Army, that claims the immediate and earnest consideration of every active sympathiser.

This is the question of the uniform. When should it and when should it not be worn?

Properly speaking, any adequate discussion of this important matter should not be confined to the Territorial force, but should include, and any decision arrived at affect equally, all wearers of His Majesty's uniform of all ranks. But at the offset it would perhaps be too much to expect this result, inasmuch as we Britons have for all time been firmly wedded to our traditions and our prejudices, and our predilections are apt to die very hard.

Yet this matter of the uniform would, in my estimate, be ultimately determined for all arms by the action of the Territorials. Let them lead the way and the Regulars will perforce follow.

Of course the bad old days when to say of Tom or Dick that he had "gone for a soldier," implied that he had gone to the bad, are long since past, and that triumph of arrogant snobbery which debarred the non-com. or private in uniform from a seat in a place of public entertainment, or even in a restaurant, to which any bounder in a borrowed dress suit had access, has in theory been relegated to the limbo of forgotten evils.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Yet even this recognition of the honour conferred by the best of all costumes that a man can wear, is largely merely theoretical.

It is, indeed, but very few years since I was confronted at a great railway hotel, with all the forces of managerial authority, to prevent my guest—in uniform—from dining with me at a table in the restaurant.

I had last encountered my friend, a corporal of Engineers, in the heart of a Sudan desert, where alone, save for native assistance, and a hundred miles away from any white man, he was doing no less a work for the Empire than the laying of Lord Kitchener's Field Telegraph Line. Yet when we met at ——— Station in London with an hour to spare ere our trains should take each of us again towards the wilds of Africa, and needing a quick meal, we entered the hotel, the manager—a German, forsooth—protested, vehemently, and, but for my appeal to the assembled guests (who one and all supported me), he would have carried his point.

There is another aspect of the matter, and it is serious. At the present time our uniforms are not known. 'Tis but a little while ago that, watching the arrivals at a levée at Buckingham Palace, I heard other onlookers speculating as to which corps, or arm, or service the wearers of various resplendent uniforms might belong. Among others an admiral in full war-paint passed before the crowd, and a lady near me—struck by his quiet magnificence—asked of all around "Now what regiment does he belong to?" Her accent proclaimed her provincial, but she was not to blame. Who in the interior of Great Britain ever sees a Naval officer in the garb of his rank, or an Army officer in uniform at all, save when on duty?

This, of course, is wrong—inherently wrong. I do not pretend that the British Officer is not proud of the uniform he wears, but I will maintain that in the minds of our visitors from other lands, he has all the appearance of being ashamed of it.

We all know that his first care, so soon as he is off duty, is to get into civilian dress at once, and thus cease to be conspicuous. Of course, in our stations abroad he cannot always do this, yet even there his modesty has given him ingenuity to baffle the regulations, and, in Cairo, for instance, to cite only one locality, I have known officers cheerfully trail a tennis racquet or wear polo dress throughout an afternoon—with no thought of either diversion—merely to escape from the fancied thraldom of the uniform.

But let me leave aside this particular matter of officers and mufti, though I have it much at heart, and address myself to the great body of Territorials.

NOT THE DRESS FOR DAILY WORK.

There are times, of course, when the uniform would be both inconvenient and deterrent. There are occupations which would not lend charm to it—if I may use the phrase—though few that it would not grace.

During the working hours, then, let the Territorial dress himself in the garb most suitable to his employ. The miner, the miller, the clerk at his desk, the employee in a shop, and indeed most of us while in pursuit of our daily vocations, would not benefit or be benefited by the uniform. That point need not be laboured.

But we all have, or aspire to, our times of leisure—those hours when, throwing off the cares of the daily task, we seek ease and recreation. And there are many of these too brief hours, when we are claimed by neither football nor cricket, cycling nor rowing, nor any form of sport. It is for such occasions that I suggest to Territorials that their uniform is the most proper and most becoming, the most dignified and comely of costumes.

I would propose that it should be adopted as the walking-out dress. To don it as a practice—not be it suggested, as a necessity—could not fail to add dignity to the wearer's appearance, and surely it would enhance his self-respect.

BRIGHTENING THINGS UP.

And again, from the point of view of the picturesque, the advantages of the uniform are unquestioned.

Most of us are not wealthy, yet we strive to make a good appearance so far as we are able. In the attainment of this end, surely the uniform must be our most powerful ally, for what comparison could there be between a smart, well-cut shapely kit—honoured for its associations—and the lounge suit of guaranteed "West-End cut" at East-End price, to which so many of us are condemned?

Therefore, I say, plump for the uniform as the walking-out dress. It need not be made imperative by order—let it become so by universal accepted custom.

FRANK SCUDAMORE.

REMOVING THE ASH.

Have you ever observed how different people remove the ash from their cigarettes?

Some blow it away, generally scattering a fair proportion over the carpet, while others flick it off with their fingers, soiling the latter considerably.

The best way by far is to raise the cigarette, burning end upwards, and then bring it down sharply in the direction in which you desire the ash to fall.

A very little practice will enable you to aim the ash with accuracy, whether it be into the fireplace or the spittoon.

This matter is a small one, but it saves you trouble and annoyance, and in acquiring the art of flicking the ash accurately there is considerable amusement.

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Address, ...

.....

Occupation, ...

Date, ...

Postal Orders should be made payable to the "General Accident Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Limited," and crossed.

Please Write Plainly.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors, endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

R. N. (Birmingham).—Your expenditure on books is all right if you mean to read them; but do you? So many buy books and never look at any part of them except the backs.

T. C. L. (Cardiff).—A few drops of paraffin oil well brushed into the scalp is a capital thing to keep your hair on.

"PELHAM" (Birkenhead).—A black bowler is quite correct with riding breeches.

K. N. K. (Edinburgh).—If you must buy premium bonds, get them through your own bankers.

P. C. (Bedford).—You are reaping the aftermath of deception. If you had never pretended to be well off, you would not find yourself in your present uncomfortable position. Doubtless, your friends think you mean for not taking part in their amusements, and you have none but yourself to thank. Start from now running quite straight. Somebody once wrote, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practise to deceive!"

"B." (Chesterfield) and **"PETER"** (Accrington).—Many thanks for kind though anonymous message. Don't forget to put in a good word for THE MODERN MAN amongst your pals.

"CULTOIRE" (Ashford).—If you want a change from Mr. Mitchell's exercises, and also personal tuition, better try Professor Inch.

C. F. (Bracknell).—For all particulars as to pay and conditions of service in the Army apply to your local postmaster for the official pamphlets, or write to the Director of Army Recruiting, War Office, S.W.

J. F. E. (Killen).—The cost of putting a boy to Sandhurst is about £150 a year. The course lasts twelve months. Write to the Colonel Commanding for all particulars.

T. R. (Portsmouth).—Next time you whitewash the roof of your greenhouse mix the whiting with milk instead of water; it will not then sweat off.

C. F. (Bermondsey).—Use patience and elbow-grease to get your walking-out Wellingtons to take a good polish. You do not say what leather they are made of, but if they are of ordinary blacking leather you should use a good blacking, and not one of the polishes sold in tins; they are intended for box calf and glacé kid, and they will not produce a polish on blacking leather.

"RUPERT" (Leicester).—If your horse is too much of a puller to be controlled by any of the ordinary bits, have a noseband fitted to the bridle.

C. M. T. (Perth).—Your idea is quite erroneous. Scotsmen are just as popular in London as Englishmen are with you. National prejudices died about a century ago.

H. L. (Lancaster).—A hunter watch looks very nice, but the extra cases are not of much use; in fact, they harbour dust. A plain leather watch-guard is every bit as correct as a silver chain, and costs a lot less. You do not, however, need either a chain or a guard.

C. J. F. (Yeovil).—While you are training drop cigarettes and stick to a pipe. Two pipefuls a day will do you no harm.

T. E. S. (Bradford).—Enlist the kind offices of your sister. She has more time than you, and an occasional box of chocolates will ensure your clothes being properly looked after.

G. P. (Folkestone).—Mackintoshes keep in the heat too much and make the skin clammy. Get a thin shower-proof coat; it doesn't cost much more, and looks twice as well.

A. B. (Lerwick).—Our heartiest thanks to you.

R. B. (Westgate).—You say the light wakes you too early in the morning, and you do not wish to pull down the blinds, because you keep your windows open and want the fresh air. The remedy is to put a draught-screen between your bed and the window.

E. W. (Glasgow).—The unofficial expenses which a trooper feels obliged to meet depend wholly upon the pace set by the men themselves. In some crack Yeomanry corps it costs a good deal more to be a trooper than it does to be an officer in other regiments.

SOME OF THE MINOR DECEPTIONS PRACTISED IN THE WORLD OF COMMERCE.

Motor cyclists may have wondered why it is that defects in their machine so frequently become apparent after it has been stored for a night in a garage.

The cyclist wheels it into the garage in good working order, but next morning when he attempts to start the engine it refuses to work. He calls the garage proprietor to his assistance, and the latter suggests that his batteries may be exhausted. A voltameter, kept for such occasions and cleverly designed to index a wrong figure, is attached to the batteries, and it backs up the statement of the proprietor; and so the unhappy cyclist has to pay up for recharging.

As a matter of fact no recharging takes place. All the proprietor does is to clean the carburetter, into which he poured on the previous evening a little water, which has been responsible for all the trouble.

RINGING THE CHANCES.

Young men, who are accompanied by their sweethearts, and who do not therefore wish to appear anxious about every penny, are easy victims to the unscrupulous tradesman. Let us suppose that the two enter a shop for the purchase of a box of sweets costing 1s. 6d. The young man pays with half-a-crown, but the tradesman does not appear to have a shilling in his till.

"Have you two florins?" he asks. "I could manage it then." The young man produces two florins, hands them over, and gets back his own half-crown. He may make the calculation that 2s. 6d. from 4s. leaves 1s. 6d., but in many cases he does not trouble about the matter at all. If you work it out you will see that he has paid exactly 4s. for that 1s. 6d. box of chocolate.

The regular customer generally regards himself as more or less free from attempts at fraud. He is much mistaken.

SYSTEMATIC ROBBERY.

The fraudulent grocer practises on his regular customers a method which he calls "dabbing it on." He makes an error in the monthly bill by way of a feeler, and if it is undetected he promptly increases the price of the various articles, and even makes errors in his calculations.

In this way he may swindle his customers of many pounds. Should the customer protest, the tradesman will immediately acknowledge his error, apologise profusely, and probably go through the farce of dismissing some ledger clerk on the spot.

The regular customer is exploited also by tailors. In the busy season, when fresh machinists and cutters have to be called in, the tailor knows that the garments made by them will be less certain to give satisfaction.

Somebody has to get a bad fit, and if he lets a new customer have it he loses that customer for ever. So he victimises the regular customer. The regular, though dissatisfied with the new suit, remembers the good fits he has previously had and does not take his custom elsewhere.

Unsaleable articles are also palmed off upon the regular. Take, for instance, tobacco that has lost its flavour. If the tobacconist persuaded a new customer to take this, the customer would, of course, be lost when the bad quality of the article was discovered. The tobacconist, therefore, unloads it upon his regulars.

THE NEW BRAND.

"Have you tried this? he asks. "It's a new brand, and some like it very much."

An ounce is thus sold to the regular customer. Of course he finds it bad, but he does not take his custom elsewhere. It was merely a trial, and he can get his old brand of tobacco at the same shop as formerly. But the tobacconist has got rid of another ounce of the worthless stuff.

Market gardeners have a particularly neat way of dealing with those customers who know a bit.

You go to buy some plants for bedding out, and you are shown row upon row of little pots each containing a cutting. Possibly you turn out one from its pot, and see that the pot is absolutely filled with roots. You are convinced that the cutting is well struck, and consequently you pay a better price for it.

As a matter of fact, the market gardener has sown a few oats in the pot, and after they have filled it with roots he has merely nipped off their stalks.

UNDER THE SUGAR-COATING.

Those who are in the habit of taking medicine bless the invention of the sugar-coated pill. Not infrequently, however, that which was intended for the customer's comfort becomes merely another means to his undoing.

The old pills which could be tasted were recognisable at once, but the new ones that are sugar-coated taste all alike, and the unscrupulous chemist, instead of putting inside them the valuable drug he is charging for, puts in a mild dose of some cheap purgative.

If you happen to be buying furniture and observe that the various joints are secured with neat rows of brass screws, you are inclined to believe that the article has been carefully made. Cabinet-makers, however, are in the habit of using a special kind of brass nail with a groove across the top. It is simply hammered in like an ordinary nail, but looks exactly like a screw. Of course, it has none of the screw's strength.

FAKE SALES.

Beware of auction sales of furniture. Many brokers make a regular practice of taking an empty house, stocking it with furniture, and then advertising it as the belongings of a family going abroad.

In buying, never say that you want something more expensive. You go into an outfitter's and are shown a boxful of shilling ties. You say that you generally pay two shillings and sixpence for a tie, and that you do not care to wear a shilling one.

"Wait a minute," says the shopkeeper. "We happen to have a consignment of half-crown ties which has just come in."

He then disappears and returns with another box of shilling ties, which you are solemnly assured are the very latest, and cost half-a-crown each.

Butchers are the worst sinners of all. Some of them will put in a bone or a "target" (a scrag end which is unsaleable) in order to make up the weight of a prime joint. They thus sell trash at the price of the highest quality of meat.

They are also notorious jugglers with figures.

"Eightpence a pound, did you say?" the butcher asks. "Here's a little joint at that price. It weighs just nearly 4½lbs. You can have it, ma'am, for 3s. 4d.," he finishes confidentially, and the sale is made. Had the lady been more ready at calculation she would have seen that even for a full 4½lbs. the price at 8d. a pound was only 3s.

STUART FREEMAN.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

BUTTONS.

The loss of a button is one of those things which will happen, and all too often the missing fastener is replaced by something from the household button-box which approaches it in colour and size.

For buttons that are not in evidence such a plan is all right, but the careful dresser does not care to have even the buttons by which his trousers are suspended different from one another, for occasionally these buttons may be seen by other people, as, for example, when you strip in the athletic club, or when you try on a new suit in the tailor's shop.

The one and only way to replace the lost button exactly is to go to the tailor who made the suit, and ask him for one to match. Of course he will not charge for it.

This is one of the things that a man puts off doing because it can be done any time, but all the same it is worth while doing correctly.

I have seen a man's appearance spoiled altogether, so far as good dressing went, by a button on the cuff of his jacket being of a different pattern from its neighbours.

POLISH AND PUNCHINGS.

One drawback, and perhaps the only one, possessed by brogue shoes, is that brown polish is very apt to find its way into the many ornamental holes with which they are punched.

There are certain polishes which are of a vivid yellow colour, and which, when they dry, turn to a creamy white. They get into the stitching and into the punch-holes and spoil the appearance of the shoe.

If you use polish of this kind you ought to see that the various holes are properly cleared out after the process of cleaning; the sharpened point of a wooden match is as good as anything for this purpose, as it does not scratch the leather.

But a better plan by far is to use, for brogue shoes at least, a polish that has no colouring matter in it, and that consists simply of wax and turpentine.

Any of your women-folk will make you such a polish, or you can buy it from a bootmaker.

When buying, the test is the colour of the polish. If it is of a bright yellow there is in it colouring matter which will show when the polish dries in the stitching and in the punch-holes.

HORSEHAIR STIFFENING.

It is a good thing that tailors have ceased to pad the shoulders of our jackets—at least English tailors have ceased to do so, although it still appears to be the fashion in America. The Englishman has come to see that the padded shoulder is a hideous thing, and probably the change is due rather to the customer than to the tradesman.

A little stiffening, however, is still put into the shoulders of the jacket, for otherwise they would be much inclined to get wrinkled, and this stiffening generally consists of horsehair cloth.

Other substances have been tried, but it has been found that they are affected by wet, whereas horsehair retains its stiffness all the time.

The one trouble with this form of stiffening, and it is a very serious one, is that hairs begin to find their way out of the fabric and pierce through the lining into the shoulders of the wearer.

I remember having one coat which could have given points to any monastic hair shirt of the Middle Ages. To wear it was torture concentrated. It was, however, a good coat in all other respects, and I had this fault set right by sending it back to the tailor and having fresh stiffening put in.

That is the only remedy in extreme cases, but where you find only a few hairs coming through there is no need to take this trouble.

Don't snip them off with a pair of scissors, but catch the end firmly between your thumb and some hard substance and pull the hair right out, or at least pull enough of it to make sure that what is left will slip back and be securely covered by the lining.

MADE-UP TIES.

A Taunton correspondent writes to enter a protest against the denunciation of made-up ties which appeared on this page in our issue of August 14th.

I am quite at one with you (he says) in your reprobation of the wearer of a made-up sailor's knot. The tying of this type of tie ought not to present the slightest difficulty, even to the clumsy.

But on the question of the made-up dress bow I respectfully beg to differ.

One of your chief objections to it seems to be that its faultless symmetry puts the self-tied bow in the shade. But surely manufactured perfection is preferable to the appalling hand-tied bungle which, practise as we may, is all that some of us ever succeed in producing.

I am pleading frankly for the clumsy. To tie a dress tie decently and to strop a razor—these are the two arts which the heavy-handed man never acquires, and personally I am inclined to believe that their exponent is born, not made.

It is perfectly easy, as Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has pointed out somewhere, to adorn one's water-jug with a splendid bow and make it look a perfect gentleman.

But it is the unpleasant circumstance that the tie has to be tied round one's own neck that somehow presents the principal difficulty. And a horrible difficulty I and many others find it.

I think, therefore, I am safe in asserting that the wearer of a made-up dress bow is generally incompetent—hopelessly incompetent, if you like—rather than lazy, as you seemed to suggest.

Contemptible sinner though he be, he has at all events the consolation of knowing that his sin has the sympathy of the author of "Three Men in a Boat."

THE SWEATER COAT.

One of the most pleasing of the season's novelties in the athletic outfitting department seems to have come to stay. I refer to the sweater coat.

The price asked is at present rather high, but a bigger demand next year will doubtless put this right. And, happily, a very much bigger demand seems to be exceedingly probable.

Our old friend, the white jersey or sweater, has considerable defects, both from the æsthetic and from the practical point of view. One of the ugliest of man's many ugly garments, it is hard to put on and equally hard to take off.

In either process the tidiness of one's hair suffers considerably.

But the donning of the sweater coat involves no such rumpling of hair. Moreover the new garment can often be worn in place of an ordinary coat, whereas the jersey always seems to demand the addition of a jacket or blazer, except, of course, when one is actually engaged in strenuous exercise.

PUREST WHITE.

It is claimed for the sweater coat that it has the additional advantage of giving the member of a club a chance of wearing his club colours. I am not myself inclined to attach much importance to this point.

One can always wear a club tie or a club blazer or a club hatband, and it seems, therefore, rather a pity to spoil the workmanlike appearance which unadorned white always gives by sporting club colours on one's sweater coat or sweater.

I am quite aware that it is often done—and done, too, by some very excellent sportsmen, but none the less it always reminds me of the bad old days when cricket elevens were wont to turn out decked in all the colours of the rainbow.

Even to-day one sometimes comes across a cricketer wearing grey flannel trousers and a shirt suggestive of potted shrimps. It is impossible to feel any very keen regret when, as is often the case, he retires with all speed to the pavilion with a "duck" to his discredit. Rather should one rejoice at the withdrawal of a blot on the landscape.

White, and nothing but white—that always seems to me the only wear for a cricketer when actually playing cricket. The luncheon interval is, of course, a different matter.

TURNED-UP TROUSERS.

Many men have always been averse from the idea of turning up their trousers at the ankles, except in the very wettest of wet weather.

I think I am not far wrong in estimating that nowadays eighty or ninety men, out of every hundred you meet in street or tram or train, habitually wear their trousers full length. A few years ago, however, the percentage was certainly very much lower.

The above estimate is not meant to apply to Oxford and Cambridge, whose undergraduates have always been a law unto themselves in the matter of fashions.

The Oxonian and the Cantab are wont to pride themselves, with some reason, on the fact that they do not follow fashions but create them. And at Oxford and Cambridge turned-up trousers have long been a *sine qua non*.

The turned-up trouser may be likened to the gauntlet cuff. It is one of those things which tend to relieve the monotony of masculine dress, particularly if a fancy sock is revealed beneath it.

IMPORTANT.

WHY not have your suit cut by the man who fitted H.M. the **KING?**

FACE to face we know we could convince you to order your Spring Suit from us and be fitted by **Mr. ELLIS**, who was for ten years principal cutter to a Bond Street House, numbering Royalty amongst its clientèle. But as we have no travellers we must depend upon our advertisement and our tailoring to increase our Business. We want your custom.

We Buy and Sell for cash, eliminating the cost of credit. We do not maintain any travellers, eliminating another cost. These two costs not existing in our business we can provide you with equal Quality Clothes as in Bond Street at practically Half their usual charges.

The MAJOR says:
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LOUNGE SUIT in Indigo Blue, New Brown, New Green MATERIALS. **50/-**

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J. & H. ELLIS,
The Smart Set Tailors,
201, STRAND, W.C.,
And 20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

This is a sample of style and fit. *We give it.*

Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Wanted, good, dark lounge suit, 5ft. 8ins., 35 chest,—Box 1037, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Bowler and silk hat, latest; new quality; King's hatter; 8in. by 6½in. inside; big bargain.—Write Box 1002, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman's grey tweed suit, perfect, cost £2 10s. three month's back, suit slim man about 25; price 17s. 6d., bargain.—Write Box 1003, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Black frock coat, superior, new (Greenwall, Strand), silk lined; 38in. chest, fit man 5ft. 7in.; cost 65s.; bargain, 30s.—Box 1004, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman's light grey jacket and trousers, worn twice; also dark grey suit, fit man 5ft. 9in., chest 40in.; the two 30s. No cards.—Box 1005, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Cricket Bag, carpet; 1 Bat, No. 2 Stuart, Surridge, and Co., London make; also 1 pair pads, only used once. What offer?—G. Edwards, 62, Golden Hillock Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

To Physical Culturists.—How to make a Bar-bell for a few pence, with instructions how to use same. Send 1s. P.O.—Box 1030, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Fly rod, steel tube, 4-joint, American patent, quite new; accept 10s.—Box 1006, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, rod and reel, by good maker, suitable for sea fishing; also line and various tackle; must be in perfect condition.—Write particulars, Box 1007, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Croquet set, 8 boxwood mallets, 8 balls, hoops, &c., in mahogany box; 20s., or near offer.—Box 1008, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Bagatelle board, folding, mahogany, second hand, but in perfect condition; complete, all accessories; cost £9 9s.; sacrifice immediate sale, 45s.; genuine bargain.—Box 1009, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Physical Culture.—See Inch's advertisement, page 16.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

Rubber-tyred buggy, in splendid condition, £20; or would exchange for rubber-tyred trap to fit pony 12.2 and cash.—Write Box 1010, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SADDLERY.

Cob's harness, 13 to 15 hands, brass mounts, breeching, complete, 35s.; also small pony's or donkey's set, brown, with brass mounts, good as new, cost £6 6s., will take £3 3s. or near offer.—Box 1011, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, first-class hunting saddle, plain flaps, light weight. Exchange 3 months West Highland white terrier puppy, by Champion Kiltie.—Box 1012, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"DIGS."

Furnished House to be let for six months, from September 1st; in charming grounds of about ¾-acre; four reception rooms, five bedrooms, bath-room, etc., and usual domestic offices; stabling or motor garage.—Mornington Lodge, Old Southgate, N.

Bed-Sittingroom wanted at Southend or Westcliff. Terms moderate.—Box 1013, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Farm.—Board-residence offered, 2 or 3 friends; good rough shooting and fishing; terms moderate.—Box 1014, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

CYCLES.

Wanted, immediately, gentleman's secondhand bamboo bicycle; give full particulars and price.—Box 1015, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

New Hudson, 3-speed, 24in. Dunlop Cambridge tyres, free wheel, 2 brakes, lined, as new, £5 5s.; great bargain.—Box 1016, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Cycle wanted, 26in. wheels, 23in. frame, 3-speed, light weight, low price. Approval. No cards.—Box 1017, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Motor Cycle, £6 10s., good order, bargain, Quadrant, Minerva engine.—Box 1018, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MUSIC.

English Concertina, 48 keys, perfect, cost £8, accept £3 10s., or exchange 4-octave duet.—Box 1019, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Genuine Italian mandoline, beautifully purfled edges, and inlaid mother-o'-pearl ornaments, new condition, sacrifice 30s., or exchange mutually; Edison Gem or gramaphone preferred.—Box 1020, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Violin, fine tone, splendid instrument, by Anton Hertel, case and bow, complete outfit; price £5 5s.—Box 1021, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Banjoes, etc.—See Hewitt's advertisement, page 21.

DOGS.

Pure Bred Bull Terrier Bitch—18 months; also Puppies, 8 weeks, parents face anything; also Parrot and Cage. Best offer, or exchange.—G. H. Hallett, jun., 8, Mount Pleasant, Bilston.

Wanted.—Setter, Retriever, or Newfoundland Dog; clean in house, good with children, good house dog. About 3 years old. What offers?—Box 1000, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study.—Learned in twelve easy lessons; highest speed in shorthand time; illustrated handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

Five Pounds per week and upwards earned by Advertisement Writers; opportunities for ambitious people; prospectus post free.—(Dept. 38), Page Davis Advertising School, 15, Oxford St., London, W.

POULTRY YARD.

Fox (cub, 5 months). Partly tamed. What offers, or exchange?—Shaw, Slatehouse Farm, Warley, West Birmingham.

Two Fowl houses, portable, hold 24 birds each. Accept 35s. Good as new. Too cheap for approval.—G. Edwards, 62, Golden Hillock Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

100-egg incubator for sale, Tamlin's latest, copper tank, drying box, all accessories, nearly new, used one season only. What offers?—Box 1022, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Single man required, must be experienced in the management of cows, pigs, and poultry, and understand gardening; board and lodging, wages £28; good reference indispensable.—Box 1025, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

House and estate agent requires clerk, total abstainer and good worker; salary and commission; deposit £75; preference to man not under 40.—Box 1026, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Electrical engineer desires charge of country house plant, including bells and telephones; married, no incumberance.—Box 1027, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

STAMPS.

Gentleman has book containing old Colonial stamps. Valued £20; take £2.—Box 1023, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Book Colonial duplicates, catalogued £10; bargain, 36s.—Box 1024, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MEDICAL.

Territorials and others.—To be in good health and fit for service, keep your teeth clean and mouth healthy by using Namrona Tooth Paste; 6d. and 1s. post free. N.B.—Thousands have been rejected from active service by bad teeth.—Namrona Manufacturing Co., Exchange Buildings, Market Street, Huddersfield.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 685, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Fatness.—Cheap, infallible, harmless cure; particulars free.—Melville, 28, Shoe Lane, E.C.

JEWELLERY.

Wanted, a lady's diamond ring, marquise preferred, only first-class stones required. Lowest price for cash.—Box 1028, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Sale, first-class English lever chronograph, gold fittings, weighs nearly 9oz.; cost £7, take £2. 17s. 6d.—Box 1029, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gent.'s watch, perfect timekeeper, only 3s. 6d. Too cheap for approval.—Box 1031, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

TRADE.

Safety Razor, with extra blades.—Satisfaction guaranteed; 2s. 6d.—Box 841, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Watches.—Ladies' or Gent's; silver; perfect timekeepers; 7s. each; ditto in gold, 13s. 6d. each.—Box 840, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Fountain Pen.—Very fine; solid gold nib; only 2s.—Box 842, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Grit, combined with a few shillings outlay," will make you independent for life. Our book contains 400 real trade secrets and the "Know How"; post paid, 1s. 2d.—G. M. Wilkes Company, Stockton, Rugby.

For Sale, silver-plated fish knives and forks, in a beautiful case, also a splendid dessert service, cost £14 the lot; will take half, or offer, owner going away.—Box 1032, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Handsome Gent's Simulation Gold Watch.—Keyless; guaranteed perfect timekeeper; 3s. 6d. post free.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Trouser Stretchers (Leslies), 3 pairs, nearly new, quite complete, most useful stretcher, can be fixed anywhere; cost 3s. 6d. a pair, accept 1s. 9d., or exchange.—Box 1033, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

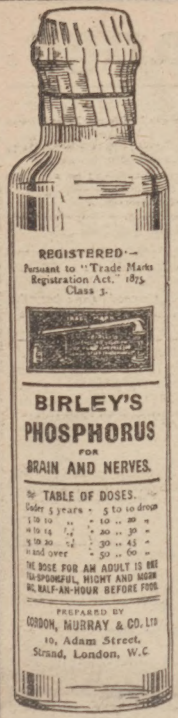
Wanted, small village business or suitable premises.—Box 1034, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

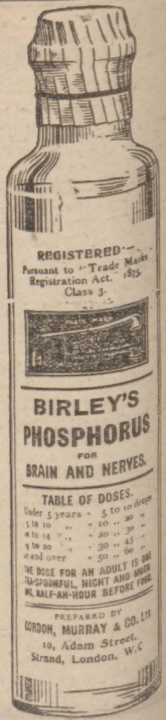
Handsome Gent.'s Double Simulation Gold Albert.—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth and Co., Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

The Perfection Fountain Pen, fitted with massive gold nib, 5s. post free; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

Mahogany Roll-Top Desk, 4ft. 6in. wide, pedestal drawers, good condition; also revolving spring chair; cost £13, accept £7 7s.—Box 1035, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Typewriter wanted for cash, at once, £3 or £4, Empire preferred, portability essential.—Box 1036, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.


REGISTERED
Pursuant to "Trade Marks Registration Act," 1875. Class 3.
BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS FOR BRAIN AND NERVES.
TABLE OF DOSES.
Under 5 years - 5 to 10 drops
5 to 10 " - 10 " 20 "
10 to 14 " - 20 " 30 "
15 to 20 " - 30 " 45 "
21 and over - 50 " 60 "
THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEA-SPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORN ING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.
PREPARED BY GORDON, MURRAY & CO. LTD 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C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TRY

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

FOR ONE WEEK

FREE

It is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must give back to the brain and nerves the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS **PROPERLY** ADMINISTERED

CURES ALL NERVE COMPLAINTS

It has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo, or Giddiness, and those *vague and undefined nervous conditions* (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

Each and every one of these distressing conditions can be made to yield to and disappear under the direct influence of Birley's Phosphorus.

Oppressed by worry, anxiety, overwork, and heavy responsibilities, the nervous system deteriorates, and leaves the way open for all manner of complaints. Birley's Phosphorus should here be allowed to give its incomparable aid. It invigorates, sustains, strengthens, and fortifies the nervous system.

As a reviver during stress of extra business and overwork it is invaluable, for it quickens and enriches the brain and nerves that bear the strain. It promotes recovery after illness.

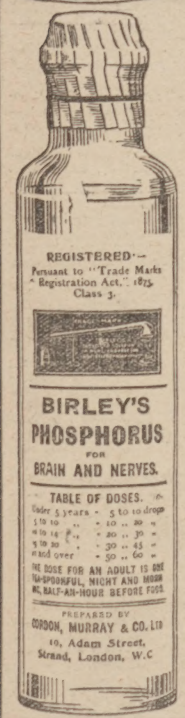
Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus.

Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be supplied with the one element they alone are in need of, and so maintained in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

Birley's Phosphorus is obtainable of all Chemists, &c., I/1½, 2/6, 4/6.

SEND THIS COUPON (D.X. 29) TO-DAY

to Gordon, Murray, and Co., Ltd., 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C., with Four Penny Stamps to cover Parcel Postage, Packing, and Dispatching, and the generous-size Trial Bottle of Birley's Phosphorus, as illustrated above (containing a week's supply), will be forwarded by return. Also pamphlet explaining how Phosphorus acts on the system. **ONE** Trial Bottle **Only** to each applicant. Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.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